THE COMMONWEAL

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CARDINAL HAYES IN TEXAS

WITHIN the space of a single week—March 2 and March 6 were the dates—three occurred two events which may well be described as "pregnant with benediction, with inspiration, to this entire country," to use the words so appropriately chosen by the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, the chief figure in one of the events we refer to. This was his address to the Senate of the state of Texas, at the unanimous invitation of that body. The other event was the unveiling of the statue of Padre Junipero Serra, the apostle of California, chosen by the people of that state, together with the Unitarian clergyman, the Reverend Thomas Starr King, to be honored with a memorial in the Hall of Fame of the National Congress in Washington.

Cardinal Hayes had gone to Texas to participate in the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of San Antonio, in which religious and civic functions jointly recalled the wonderfully dramatic history of the Lone Star State. How much of that history stemmed from and had been molded by the apostolic and educational work of the Catholic Church, accomplished by French and Spanish missionaries, no doubt became apparent as the preparations for the celebration were made. This probably influenced the action of the state Senate in taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the presence of Cardinal Hayes, to extend the hospitality and the appreciation of the state to an eminent representative of the religion which is so potent a factor in the culture of their people.

Everybody knows that such an event is extraordinary, because of the fact that Texas, like the Southern states in general, has been in the not remote past the scene of injurious manifestations of religious strife occasioned by distrust of the Catholic Church, created by historical causes going back for centuries of time. That much of this feeling was stirred up by dangerous demagogues for political and mercenary motives is true. But Catholics have been at fault in dealing with it because of their slowness and backwardness in bringing to the attention of their fellow citizens the substantial part played in the great story of the United States by the missionaries and teachers of the Church in the early days, and so dispelling the illusion that Catholicism is a recent and exotic importation, bringing with it only the memories and influences of the religious wars, and social upheavals accompanying those religious wars, from Europe. As Cardinal Hayes re-

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marked in his address in Austin, the missionary Padres laid the foundations of law and order and education in Texas, and they "were not animated by any motive nor desire for conquest or wordly gain, but desired simply to serve humanity."

So also spoke the eulogist of Padre Serra, at the unveiling of the memorial in Washington, justly naming him as not only the apostle of Christianity in the western regions of the United States, but also as that region's first civilizer. The Reverend Thomas Starr King came at a later day, and was the great champion of two important movements in California, which had results of enormous significance and value for the country as a whole. The first was the preservation of California for the Union, in the Civil War; the second was the work of the Hospital Association, a precursor of Red Cross work, which labored for the sick and wounded victims of that war. The Reverend Thomas Starr King's patriotism and humanitarianism were the fruits of his religion; as the work accomplished by Padre Serra also flowed from the fountain of his faith.

It is a good thing that the Serra celebration in Washington, in which the national government was associated with the state government of California, was part of a celebration equally honoring a pioneer of another religious creed; just as it was a good thing that the Senate of Texas, representing for the greater part other religious creeds than Catholicism, should have welcomed and honored the Catholic representative of the joint celebration in San Antonio.

The Honorable Isadore Dockweiler, of Los Angeles, who spoke at the Serra exercises, aptly described Serra's achievements in their relation to American culture. He said: "It is for us Americans a matter worthy of most serious reflection that, had it not been for the régime of Serra—that is, the system of mission life which started in 1769 and ended in 1823—this great territory of California might, and likely would, have fallen into the grasp of some other nation and been permanently lost to our republic. The transition of the California of Serra to the California of today was, as history is interpreted, a normal sequence. Serra therefore is a legitimate precursor of the later-day civil authorities established by the American government upon the shores of the Pacific. And such work of preparation accomplished by such a persursor! Lands, peoples—agriculture, horticulture, viticulture—communications, arts, government—hearts, minds and, above all, souls, prepared and tempered and awaiting a later larger development, but a development always predicated upon the previous monumental work of the urbane and saintly Padre of the Indians."

Cardinal Hayes similarly linked up the spiritual and educational labors of the Catholic missionaries of Texas to the civic and state civilization of today. It is in this sphere, surely, that the freedom and democracy of the United States can be served and promoted and maintained through the character and work of all religions, which, while maintaining among their own members the highest integrity of loyalty and conscience, can and should coöperate for the common weal. The Texas Senate was courteous and hospitable to the cardinal, a member of the spiritual senate of the supernational, universal Catholic Church; but their applause and appreciation, rendered in splendid fashion, were for the Catholic bishop who served his country as well as his church as head of the Catholic chaplains in the World War, and serves the poor of his diocese through his wonderful Catholic Charities, and who voiced his loyalty and devotion to the United States as a citizen in his address to his fellow citizens of Texas.

Such events, we repeat, are indeed pregnant with benediction and inspiration to this nation. That the history of the United States since the adoption of the Constitution has been stained with occasional outbreaks of religious strife should not obscure the greater fact that in this country such conflicts have been far less serious than in most other countries, and that the progress made in promoting harmony of civic rights and practice among all religious bodies has been much greater than the periodical storms of bigotry would lead us to suppose. The gracious act of the Senate of Texas is a more trustworthy index to the fundamental character of American life than all the parades of bigotry organized by profiteers or political demagogues.

WEEK BY WEEK

Force for Peace

THE COMPLETE and inspiring survey of the operations for international peace which the secretary of the Catholic Association for International Peace gives in the Communications columns of this issue, should certainly interest and hearten all men and women of good-will. Catholic men and women should be stirred to participate actively in this great movement. The scope and the orderly preparations for Catholic Peace Day are impressive: 169 Newman Clubs with the assistance of the Social Action Department of the Catholic Welfare Conference, 1,735 women's clubs affiliated with the National Council of Catholic Women, 2,500 organizations affiliated with the National Council of Catholic Men, and 162 Catholic colleges assisted by the Catholic Association for International Peace, have received matter to assure their effective coöperation. Here indeed is social force, not belligerent, not sensational, but sane, calm and well organized. It is not that self-defeating pacifism which is more braggart and bellicose than the things it opposes, and proceeds on the facile theory of imputing mean and venal motives to those with whom it disagrees on matters of theory and practice in the observance of peace. As the cure for civic corruption within nations depends on a general improvement of morals—and not on mere prohibitions which do not prohibit, or suppressions without moral conversion which merely drive evil into devious and disguised channels—so the cure for the strange in-

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humanity of fellow humans slaughtering each other depends on a positive and a happy faith which is superior to material gains, selfish issues or fear. In this work the universal Church is the greatest agency.

Massachusetts First Again

WHILE every community in the country is struggling with the problem of unemployment in one form or another, and every man or woman whether or not at present actually out of work knows some of the strain and apprehension of the situation, it is encouraging to hear of effective work being done in a specific case. Massachusetts, which even before the present general depression, had been facing a disturbed condition of its principal industries, particularly the textile industries, was perhaps already prepared and inured by disaster to deal ruggedly with a situation which is often disguised and confused under the terms of economics and which essentially is a problem of individual human adjustments. At the beginning of the year, between 7,500 and 10,000 men and women were serving directly or indirectly on unemployment committees throughout the state. These committees were set up under a plan of organization sponsored by a directing board in the State House, in Boston, under the chairmanship of James J. Phelan, assisted by a women's committee of which Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer is chairman. To this organizing committee 225 cities and towns reported unemployment problems, and 130 towns advised that they had no unusual amount of unemployment. There was no large and rather hazy scheme. Practical assistance was brought down to the individual case. These measures earned for the Commonwealth the following tribute from Mr. Arthur Woods, chairman of the Federal Emergency Committee for Employment, in a letter to Mr. Phelan: "Your state was one of the first to be organized and it has served as a model not only in organization but in its various activities. The things which you have done and the material which you have furnished us has all been passed along to other states through the regional directors and has helped immensely in the perfection of our organization throughout the country."

The Golden Rose

WE ARE weary of writing about world depression. No doubt our readers are weary of what we write, and weary of their own thoughts about bread lines, and the hordes of the unemployed, and Red Cross drives, and political wrangling, and war clouds, and Bolshevism, and crime waves, and Al Capone, and Mahatma Gandhi, and South American revolutions, and prohibition, and bank failures, and vice hunters, and graft, and rackets, and birth control, and a hundred other subjects of the kind. Let us put them to one side. Of course, we must return to them. They will not let us be at peace for long. They are unescapable. They must be dealt with and not in mere words only; action must be taken to solve them, "to do something about them" whether for good or for ill. But to turn our minds from such problems is not necessarily to neglect them; the rest may strengthen us. So just for a little while let us talk about the golden rose, which year after year, decade after decade, century after century, is unveiled in the Hall of the Vestments, in the palace of the Pope in Rome, on the fourth Sunday of Lent, Laetare Sunday, set apart for rejoicing.

THE GOLDEN rose is placed on a table amid lighted candles. The High Priest of the Church of Christ, wearing rose-colored garments symbolizing hope and joy, censes the golden rose and scents it with the rarest perfume, and blesses it with holy water, and prays: "O God! by Whose word and power all things were created, and by Whose will they are all governed, O Thou Who art the joy and gladness of all Thy faithful people, we beseech Thee that Thou vouchsafe to bless and sanctify this rose, so lovely in its beauty and fragrance. We are to bear it, this day, in our hands as a symbol of spiritual joy. . . ." Then the Pope hands the golden rose to the youngest priest present—as if he entrusted to the future the treasure handed down from the past—and it is carried to the chapel where it is set against the foot of the cross upon the altar of the Sacrifice, while Mass is chanted, the organ being heard after its long silence that began with Lent, and every song is of joy and hope. After Mass the golden rose is carried in solemn procession to the place set apart for it to wait for the day when the Church may see fit to honor by its gift some cathedral or monastery or university or government or individual distinguished for good works. Only a few people can witness the blessing of the golden rose, but hundreds of millions of Catholics throughout the world share in the beauty, and hopefulness, and joy symbolized by the mystical ceremony, and transmitted to the Christian world—and thus, in some degree at least, in the measure of the world's willingness to accept of it, to the world at large—wherever a Christian altar stands. Coming in the midst of the grey, grim period of penitence and fasting and repression of Lent—as Lent itself comes in the drab chill time of the dying winter, and, this year, in the midst of universal anxiety and trouble—Rose Sunday breaks the gloomy tension with a sudden, exultant glow of color, and perfume, and music. It is a foretaste of spring. It heralds the coming of Easter: the triumph of life over death.

Mr. Raskob's Plan

MR. RASKOB'S raising of the issue of prohibition at the recent meeting of the Democratic National Committee, had in our opinion at least one indisputable advantage for his party. It is a familiar saying that in national politics the Republicans differ between elections and unite when election time comes around, while the Democrats are unanimous between elections and then squabble violently at the

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critical time when the party should be working together. Mr. Raskob at least has dared to try to upset this short-sighted strategy, or rather lack of it, of his party, and if he succeeds we believe he will in this matter alone have rendered it a great service from the point of view of practical politics. On his plan for alleviation of the present evils of prohibition, we do not yet feel quite prepared to venture an opinion. We have felt that the Eighteenth Amendment to the constitution had no place in that document. Although our ultimate aims are the same as Mr. Raskob's, it is a little disconcerting to conceive of arriving at them by the addition of still another amendment to the constitution. Here again, however, Mr. Raskob may simply be eminently practical. He may have arrived at the conclusion, and certainly there are ample grounds for it, that the American people like to make laws, and have a native disinclination to unmake them. "Nullificationist" and other epithets are hurled at anyone who attempts to unmake a law. Positive expression in the passage of a new law may yet be the way we will arrive at temperance in the strain we put on the sovereign efficacy of law.

Jews in Russia

NO MISCONCEPTION is more unfounded than that the anti-religious manifestations of the Russian Communists have Jewish enmity to Christianity for their inspiration. Judaism, as Mr. Ethan T. Colton demonstrates most clearly in his book, "The X.Y.Z. of Communism," experiences the attack of the anti-God organization directed by the supreme power of the Russian government in full force, and unremittingly. For example, "the separation of education from the synagogue strikes the Jewish religious system a blow more immediately devastating than a church experiences which places more dependence upon ritual and worship for its approach to the young," as is the case with the Russian Orthodox Church. Since the violent outbreaks against all religions which shocked the outside world a year ago were relaxed, a strangling web of ordinances, laws, customs and ever-increasing propaganda has been perfected by the Society of the Godless, the organization which carries on the warfare decreed by the Communists as the main principle of their policy of world conquest. The Jewish Telegraphic Agency recently reported ominous signs of renewed violence directed against the Jews. In the city of Tula, the leader of the Society of the Godless made a speech at a public meeting accusing Jews of killing Christians in order to use their blood in making matzoth, the bread eaten by Orthodox Jews at the feast of the Passover. Great excitement naturally was aroused, and oil was thrown on the flames of feeling by another anti-God leader who at a mass meeting repeated the accusation. Riots started and were with difficulty quelled by military force. Whether the anti-God leaders in this instance have run ahead of the wishes of the supreme authority cannot yet be determined. At any rate, the episode should serve to remind the world that Communism's war on religion is not relaxed, however its tactics may change.

Fourteen More Communists

AS THIS magazine goes to press, another weird trial is in progress in Russia. According to news despatches, fourteen Mensheviki—members of the outlawed opposition party—confessed in court to the capital offense of conspiring against the Soviets, "made laudatory speeches favoring Communism and the present government, reiterated their guilt and declared they were ready to give their lives for their country." The whole performance is so exact a replica of the carefully publicized trial of the eight bourgeois engineers several months ago, that no surprise will be felt if the sequel is also the same, and most of the self-condemned fourteen get off with a few years in Siberia. But is that possibility really the key of these spectacular group conversions? Are men bold enough to plot also tame enough to drop their principles en masse on the chance of saving their necks? Or are the conversions elicited by torture? It must be admitted that there seems no direct evidence of it, and the allegation was fiercely denied by the original eight who set this style of recantation. The remaining supposition is that they are bona fide victories for Communist logic; and that, under the particular circumstances, appears to us the least likely of all. Editorials on the first trial would seem to show that this attitude is not confined to us. The editorial tone regarding the sudden and simultaneous proletarianism of the conspiring engineers ranged pretty universally from strong suspicion to, at best, tentative acceptance. If the Soviets really are converting their active foes in this dramatic way, some ironically perverse instinct is keeping the rest of the world from being as impressed as it ought to be.

A Catholic Painter

SOME time last June, Padraic Colum, who having had four books published within a year now sports about Paris, wrote for us an appreciation of the works of Carl Schmitt. At that time, the painter was having an exhibition at the Park Avenue Galleries. His paintings have but recently had another excursion into town from the Silvermine Galleries in Connecticut where they are ordinarily on exhibition. This time they have been at Roerich Museum, on Riverside Drive, and we had an opportunity to renew our appreciation. Here is indeed a Catholic artist, both in the strictly religious sense, and in the broader application to the scope of his work. His versatility is quite remarkable. It ranges from pastels, such as the charming ones of his son, which are simple, clear portraiture, almost, one might say, synonymous in their straightforward fidelity to their subject, through a gamut of more and more highly individual and richly colored impressions. An excerpt from Mr. Colum's description gives a revealing clue to the more

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highly toned of Mr. Schmitt's art: "The crucified figure is laid upon colors so rich as to make us understand that the earth is not dull and inert, but is like a bouquet of flowers, or a casket of jewels." For our part, we feel that if Mr. Schmitt's paintings have any distinguishing trait in common, it is vigor coupled with great kindliness—the distinction of those who are truly animated with faith.

A Thousand and One Stories

THE DISCOVERY that the famous "Iron Virgin" of Nuremberg was actually put together in 1867, starts a train of speculation. How many other instruments of torture throughout Europe have been faked, to give the tourist his money's worth of shudders? More important still, how many of the accepted stories of torture which antedate touring, in our sense, by some centuries, were faked, as Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" was faked, to bolster up a political or religious cause? It may be said that the possibility of many of these legendary horrors being lies once deliberately told from policy, is damaging proof that abuses and cruelties did exist, to make credulity easy. They most unfortunately did exist; but their actual causes and character—we have not the most distant wish to whitewash either—cannot be inferred from the counterfeits any more accurately than the construction of Nuremberg's original "Iron Virgin" can be inferred from this device which "a local antiquarian" constructed some decades after the original was carried off. Besides, there is the matter of proportion. A thousand stories have a different effect on the mind than a single story; and if only the single story happens to be true, the mind that harbors the thousand will not merely be having too much of a good thing; it will be the victim of an organically false conception. It is this inherited belief in the thousand stories which we still have to fight today, in spite of the steady siftings of research, which tell almost without exception upon the Catholic side in the European religious quarrel. And unfortunately the matter cannot be cleared up as simply as it was in Nuremberg, by the death-bed confession of an antiquarian's son.

Sir Charlie?

WE CANNOT resist a feeling of pleasure at the suggestion that Charlie Chaplin may receive a knighthood. It pleases us more particularly in view of the fact that Captain Malcolm Campbell was tendered a title for his recent feat of establishing a new speed record of four and something miles a minute at Daytona Beach in Florida. The honors list, we feel, needs Sir Charlie to balance Sir Malcolm. We cheerfully admit that it is no business of ours whom King George knights. Nor would we be unsporting enough to criticize Captain Campbell, who is said to be engagingly modest in private, and who certainly demonstrated in public an exemplary tenacity of purpose in designing and transporting the car in which he achieved his success, and an iron nerve and transcendent daring in achieving it. But as the commercial value of these speed tests, and even their laboratory value as mechanical demonstrations, has decreased, their character as mere mob entertainment has become more marked. And, we fear, it is often the morbid kind of entertainment, of which the chief thrill is that the performer will probably break his neck. Our point is that if the ability to enchain numbers by a spectacular and foolhardy bravery is worthy of official honor, the ability to enchain even greater numbers by a matchless artistic ingenuity, an endlessly creative humor, is worthy of official honor too. Rise, Sir Charlie. For our part, we dub thee knight.

THE INCREASE IN CRIME

FACED with a steady increase in the number of crimes and the cold brutality of crimes, we believe that there has been a basic misconception of the means for improvement. We have seen the federal government, the state governments in all parts of the country, and the local governments of the great metropolitan cities institute investigations that have revealed that the members of society's very organizations for the prevention of crime, the police, the judiciary, and executive officers of the government, big and little, were aiding and countenancing crime and taking a lion's share of the spoils. Corruption in one case spread even to the Cabinet and appointees of the President of the United States. The current disclosures in New York City of police and judiciary corruption, are revolting in the extreme. They have had their parallels all over the country, in Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Indiana, while in the South the number of lynchings in the past year showed a marked increase over the year before.

Editoral writers on the subject seem to combine in a chorus with two refrains: first, a demand that executive heads of government, the mayors, the governors, the President, do something to stop crime; and second, a demand that public consciousness awake. As regards the latter, we can only say that this demand makes us tired. There is probably not a man, woman or child who is not aware of the ascendance of lurid criminality in our midst, and this awareness, in many cases a sort of amused sporting interest, extends back over a decade. Heywood Broun in the *World Telegram* has recently been repeating this plaintive cry for awakened public consciousness, and he has undertaken to organize in Madison Square Garden a mass indignation meeting. Here public consciousness gathered in a cheering stand and led by the amiable but muddled Mr. Broun is expected to demand in vocal unison that Mayor Walker "do something." This is familiarly the first of the demands of editorial writers. A dilemma exists, however, in the very nature of the problem, the props of civic government being rotten at the base. Mayor Walker or President Hoover can-

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not go out, with the best will in the world, and attack criminality and corruption single-handed. Crooks do not label themselves in scarlet jerkins and wear distinguishing plumes in their hats, so that mayors may sally forth and smack them hip and thigh with the sword of civic virtue. They are rather dressed in frock coats or the sportier kinds of fashionable mufti, are bland and engaging of demeanor, and, shrewd judges of character and occasion, they profess on appropriate occasions only the highest motives.

Needless to say, this sort of thing has been seen to transcend political differences. The contrast, or lack of it, between New York democracy and Chicago republicanism is a handy instance of what we mean. The party in power is, of course, the target for the party out of power. The familiar political slogan, "throw the rascals out," is no assurance that if the exhortation were followed, fewer rascals would climb into power. These are not vain aspersions on the fair name of our country, or the character of its citizenship; they are notorious facts. We should be very much surprised in case Mr. Broun is able to organize his protestation meeting, were there not present and cheering among the loudest, plenty of rascals who only lack the opportunity of office and the temptation of a large bunch of "long green" to become, under his unresponsible leadership, as weak as any of the trusted but false subordinates of existing responsible civic leaders.

It is not public consciousness that is at fault, it is public conscience. It is a truism of democratic government, that it cannot rise intellectually or morally above the general average of its citizens. If crime and corruption exist in government, they exist among the citizenry. There is no magic in the passage of laws that alters this. An investigation may reveal it, but does not alter the situation. We are familiar with the lawlessness of our people, so why should be we surprised with its presence in our civic fabric. This does not mean to say that we should be fatalists. We do believe something can be done. The effective agent, however, is not the state, not in the multiplication of laws and law officers. It is in religion, in a faith in an ultimate and divine justice which will, through fear on the lowest plane and through love on the highest, tempt men to be virtuous in theory and practice, in the face of real immediate temptation to be otherwise.

If the faith of a people is in the idolatry of skyscrapers, automobiles, power houses and money, they will, whatever their political forms or affiliations, fall to quarreling among themselves. Believing a man a weakling or a fool who does not possess a large share of the spoils of this world, they will drive the weaklings and the foolish into trying to accomplish by crooked ways what they cannot successfully accomplish by force. The passage of prohibition laws does not improve the level of morality of such persons, though it may restrain them in some cases and in others prevent the exhibiting of bad examples. Prisons are not morally elevating. The United States has tried putting more and more of its citizenry in prisons. On an average—the evidence has demonstrated—prisoners come out, not social-minded, but more anti-social than ever and apt to be equipped with new lore in criminality and a widened association with criminals which makes them more than ever dangerous.

As it has become rather smart to be irreligious, there has been a corresponding tendency to consider it rather sophisticated and smart to be, according to Catholic standards, immoral. Laws have followed in some instances, although the prohibition law is a glaring example of the opposite extreme, in seeking to make lawful what has traditionally been immoral. Divorce is the most obvious example. This has actually made it a better proposition from a material standpoint for a woman to have been married and divorced, and to be receiving alimony, especially if she can have been repeatedly divorced, than it is for her to be honestly working at the problems of marriage, making a home, maintaining normal social relations, and raising a family. In the case of divorce, the state understakes to guarantee her income. If she is married, she has no such guarantee. With the Protestant sects going ten thousand different ways in their attempt to be fashionable and modern as every new whim and innovation, the position of Catholicism, one and universal, will be increasingly the bulwark against anarchy, against the ultimate confusion and degeneration of plain morality.

To respect parents; to care and provide for one's children; to master one's lower appetites; to be honest and just in one's dealings, even if it entails renunciations and self-sacrifice; to show benevolence to one's fellows in time of distress; to bear pain and misfortune with fortitude—these are the foundations of morality, and every one of them is controverted by the modern spirit because basically it has no love of ultimate and absolute honesty, justice, consideration, purity, intelligence and creativeness: in a word, God. Wherever there has been an extensive revolt from Christianity, from the Church founded by Christ, there has been moral decay of society. The signs are a shrinking birth-rate; a disruption and contempt for family life; and an increase in the number of divorces, suicides and criminals, with particularly an increase in the number of juvenile criminals. The "natural man" is not enough. The leading proponent of this theory did not provide for his own children and was a notoriously weak and slippery customer, with a curious introvert pride in his vices. The proponent of the "superman" of temporalities was as notoriously unhappy and died insane. At the other pole from these are the crabbed lay moralists responsible for such extremes as our prohibition and blue laws which bring the important and positive fundations of morality into contempt. All these things, to use the term of an eminent Mr. Smith, are in the evidence. True faith is not repressive; it is expressive. It is not gloomy, but provides the greatest happiness for the greatest number. It alone can cure crime, because it converts the criminal.

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ARE ALL PRIESTS VATICAN CITIZENS?

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WE HAVE been reminded by our energetic and persistent contemporary, the *Christian Century,* in its issue for February 11, that, to use its own words, it "still seeks enlightenment from the enlightened Catholic press," as to whether the Vatican, in at least one case quoted by the *Christian Century,* and which it feared might create a precedent, "has proceeded on the assumption that all priests are political subjects of the Pope." The particular instance on which the *Christian Century* based its remarks was occasioned by a rather vague report, current in the press, but lacking definite authority, to the effect that the papal Secretary of State had protested against any diplomatic action by the Italian government in regard to the killing of two Italian priests in China, on the ground that the diplomatic jurisiction in such a case belonged to the Papal State and not to Italy. The implication drawn from such an action by the *Christian Century* was that "the Vatican views priests as subjects of the State of Vatican City and not as citizens or subjects of the country of their nationality. This is a matter that will bear looking into." THE COMMONWEAL and *America* were appealed to by the *Christian Century,* as "enlightened Catholic journals," to conduct an inquiry into the matter.

Whether THE COMMONWEAL can justly accept the *Christian Century's* flattering assumption that it is an enlightened journal is, of course, debatable; and on such a point we can scarcely express an opinion. But that the *Christian Century,* to use its own language, "still seeks enlightenment from the enlightened Catholic press," is a fact which makes it our duty to throw some light upon its difficulties, if it is possible to do so. Fortunately, we are in a position to help. We laid the matter before one of our correspondents in Vatican City, the Reverend John J. Considine, a priest of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of Maryknoll, New York, who is connected with the Fides Service in Vatican City, a news organization which collects and distributes information from the world-wide Catholic mission field. We have received from Father Considine the authoritative information desired by the *Christian Century.*

As we stated in our first remarks on the subject, the first thing to be asked concerning the news report that the papal Secretary of State claimed jurisdiction over Italian priests in the mission field, and had protested against any diplomatic action by the Italian government in regard to the killing of two Italian priests in China, was the fundamental question as to whether the news report accurately stated the grounds of the papal action, presuming that any action whatsoever had been taken. As we judged at the time, it turns out that the supposed news report was a canard, made out of whole cloth; no such action was ever taken or contemplated by the Secretary of State of the Vatican.

So far as we are able to ascertain, the canard was given American currency in the September, 1930, number of the *World's Work,* in an article by Hiram Motherwell, entitled, "The Vatican in a New Rôle." As Father Considine points out in writing to us, it did not originate with Mr. Motherwell, but, like many another such tale, secured wide circulation. In his article in the *World's Work,* Mr. Motherwell states that in February, 1930, two Italian priests residing in China as Catholic missioners were kidnapped and killed by bandits. "The Italian government made the customary protest to the government at Nanking, and prepared to follow this with the usual demands for apology, exemplary punishment of the criminals, and indemnity to the relatives of the murdered men," writes Mr. Motherwell, "but as a matter of courtesy it first consulted with the papal Secretary of State as to how these demands should be made. Imagine its surprise when it learned that in the Vatican's opinion it had no right to make these representations at all!" Mr. Motherwell then went on to say that the Vatican claimed the missioners as its own citizens, denied all jurisdiction to the Italian government, and in answer to the protest of the Italian government continued to insist "that its newly recognized temporal sovereignty gives it diplomatic jurisdiction in such a case." In this strain Mr. Motherwell continued for three pages, the *World's Work* jazzing up his speculations with a map of Vatican City, and photographs of the construction work going on within its limits. And in bold black type the *World's Work* states that Mr. Motherwell's article raises the question as to whether the next decade will "witness the beginnings of a new Holy Roman Empire, transcending race, language and political boundaries?"

And all these speculations, and the rumors and alarms which spread throughout the world, agitating the *Christian Century,* and many other journals of public opinion, had no foundation in fact. Yet so potent is the effect of false news, that as Father Considine has pointed out to us, "THE COMMONWEAL itself, in a review of a book entitled 'Missiones Catholicae,' came dangerously near nodding when, somewhat *obiter dicta,* it gave place to the insinuation that missioners carried special papers from the Holy See. Thus a tricky error can deceive even the elect." THE COMMONWEAL pleads guilty, in the sense that it permitted its book reviewer to state that all missioners receive their passports from Vatican City State, although the reviewer did not raise the question of any change in the national status of missioners. But even there, we were ourselves led astray by our reviewer, who, prob-

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ably, had first been led astray by the false news of the Vatican's alleged action.

As the main question involved is obviously one of serious importance, we deal with it quite fully, quoting directly from Father Considine's report. First of all, he gives us the laws of the Vatican City State bearing upon the question of Vatican citizenship, as follows:

> Chapter I: Citizenship.
> 1. The citizens of Vatican City are:
> (a) the cardinals resident in said city or in Rome;
> (b) those who reside permanently in Vatican City for reasons of dignity, charge, office or employ, when such residence is prescribed by law or regulation, or when it is authorized by the Sovereign Pontiff and through him by the Secretary of State if the person is attached in any manner to the pontifical court or to any office specified in article 2 of the basic law of Vatican City (the Noble Guard, the Palatine Guard, the Swiss Guard, Administration of the Property of the Holy See, Special Administration, Vatican Library personnel, Vatican Archives personnel, Vatican press and Vatican book deposit personnel) and by the Governor if it concerns any other person;
> (c) those who, even independently of the conditions foreseen under the two heads above, are authorized by the Sovereign Pontiff to reside permanently in Vatican City, through concession of or conservation of the citizenship granted them by sovereign will.
> 2. Likewise, the wife, the children, the parents and the brothers and sisters of a Vatican citizen are also citizens on condition that they live with him and are authorized to reside in Vatican City according to the established norms.

Father Considine then continues:

"Thus it is clear that except for cardinals residing in Rome, permanent residence is a condition of citizenship in Vatican City. Further restrictions of succeeding articles emphasize this. Thus Article 4 notes that the sons of a Vatican citizen lose citizenship upon attaining twenty-five years of age while daughters lose their citizenship at marriage, excepting, naturally, if they marry a Vatican citizen. Article 5 notes that parents, brothers and sisters are citizens only if dependent upon the Vatican citizen for support. Article 6 states that cardinals lose citizenship if they transfer their residence from Rome and all others lose it if they transfer from the limits of Vatican City. There is no suggestion in the law which gives faintest grounds for imagining the inclusion of Catholic priests throughout the world.

"There are some five hundred dwellers in Vatican City and these are citizens of that state, but, important point, likewise of their country of origin. Hence, for example, Monsignor Tisserant, once attached to the *état majeur* of the French army during the World War, now as prefect of the Vatican Library is a citizen of the Holy Father's state, but still continues to be a subject of France. The citizenship of the Vatican State does not require renunciation of all previous connections.

"Apart from citizenship, then, when ecclesiastics or laymen are chosen for special missions of the Holy See, they are issued diplomatic passports from the Vatican which are honored by all governments maintaining relations with the Vatican. Thus when the Holy Father in 1929 sent a mission to the sovereigns of Ethiopia, the four members of the mission, an Italian, a Frenchman, an American, a Chinese, all carried Vatican passports, crossing borders by means of them and without use of the passports of their native countries. This, however, in no way affected their status in their homelands, and once the mission was completed these passports were valueless.

"Do missioners carry such passports? Quite decidedly no. True, Apostolic Delegates in mission lands, as, for instance, His Excellency Archbishop Mooney, as representative of the Holy See in India and now in Japan, is provided with such a document, but beyond a few such rare exceptions the one passport borne by a missioner is that of his country of origin. The Vatican considers a missioner a citizen of this country of origin. It warns him to work solely for spiritual ideals, to avoid tempting the natives to conceive of him ever as an agent of conquest for his country. Hence it advises him against too easily turning to his flag for protection or redress or for privileges. It never makes him a Vatican citizen, however, nor does it provide him with any documents.

"And, finally, what of our two Italian priests murdered in China? The reference is to His Excellency Bishop Versiglia of Shiuchow and his companion, Father Caravazio, who were done to death in Kwangtung Province, February 25, 1930. We thought it well to inquire from an eminent authority in the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, the Holy Father's ministry of foreign missions, if on this occasion any protest had been made to the Italian government for any so-called interference. The answer was in the negative. It seemed best to us to go higher, however, and hence we brought the question to the Secretariate of State: Was any form of protest made, officially or unofficially, against any act of Italy in regard to the death of her two citizens? Once again the answer was no. The only suggestion of foundation we can find for the story is the fact that in the case of previous violent deaths, as for instance that of Father Angelo Melotti, the Franciscan, when there was talk on the part of civil authorities of demanding an indemnity from the Chinese, ecclesiastical authorities warned that the practice was a poor one, would cause an unfortunate repercussion among the Chinese, and advised against it.

"Thus, to the *Christian Century's* statement, 'Vatican diplomacy has raised an issue,' we can merely reply that once more it is not the poor Vatican. Such troubles are made by the busy-bodies, the gabbing gossipers, the writers who have read or listened while running, clutching at hazy notions about the Church."

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LITURGICAL PROBLEMS

By CUTHBERT WRIGHT

The writer's comments here are based on the annual concert of the Paulist Choristers, assisted by the Medievalists and New World Symphonietta, in Carnegie Hall, New York, in the last week of January, and another concert in the program of dollar symphonies at Roxy's Theatre, New York, in February. They are so good humored, as well as vigorous, that we felt assured they would be accepted in the same spirit, in spite of the difference of opinion they are sure to evoke. And the writer gives such sincere credit where he believes it due, that the result should be a helpful enlivening of interest—The Editors.

IT WOULD be manifestly unfair to write an appreciation or criticism of the Paulist Choir of New York City, and ground it upon one of their annual recitals in a concert-hall or at a "dollar" symphony. These concerts are always advertised far and wide as being, almost exclusively, "popular" in character, and they usually live up to the advertisement. The writer of this article, needless to say, had an exceedingly good time at the last concert. He believes, nevertheless, that the ideal of the direction, in these concerts, is wrong, or let us say about one-half wrong.

Here is a great metropolitan choir which came into its very existence in answer to the learned and stirring appeal of Pope Pius X in 1903 for better music in Catholic churches, and which has, ever since, lived on a reputation for sustaining that appeal, first in Chicago, then in New York; for singing the religious music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as scarcely anyone else in America can, or does. In short, the great strength of the Paulist Choir lies, naturally, in its strongest link—the emotional rendering of polyphony. A festival concert, then, might be expected to represent the most golden link in its musical chain of repertory. This feeling was recently fortified by reading apropos of Father Finn, the infinitely talented director: "His point of view in musical matters is strictly sixteenth-century." Perhaps, but one would not glean that impression from hearing one of Father Finn's festival concerts. In them, Palestrina finds his appointed place, relegated well to the front part of the program with other lesser lights; and then one somehow gets the impression of the director saying to himself: "Well, boys and girls, *that's* over, praise be; pending the departure of all musical critics and similar highbrow nuisances, lets get down to the fun!"

We are making these rather invidious statements, recalling other festival concerts of the Choristers. During the concert, last month, we remained and, as we have said, we had a capital time. And that time the onus, if any, was to be laid upon an organization of young ladies calling themselves the Medievalists, assisted by a small band. Both were very pleasing. But why the name in the case of the chorus? Ladies, if we remember rightly, were as absent from the choirs of the middle ages, as they are ubiquitous in the United States since the encyclical of Pope Pius assumed to debar them. Judging them by this particular recital, it is no more appropriate to call them the Medievalists than for the Paulist Choir to call itself the Gregorian Society or the Plainchant Songbirds. The middle ages may be dated from the year 1000 to the year 1453, or 1492. The musical ideal during this period, in spite of several degradations and reforms, was the *cantus firmus* called today Gregorian. You will look in vain for any trace of definite mediaeval music in the Carnegie Hall program. Father Finn has the fantastic notion, we are told, that no boy should sing plainchant on the ground that it is bad for his budding voice. There it is, an immovable canon in his choir; no young boy shall so much as brush the accurséd thing with his voice; and thus Father Finn's admirers, of whom the writer is one, are deprived of some very noble musical experiences.

This brings us to speak of his choir, considered as a choir, and not as an agglomeration of small boys in scarlet and black soutanes, taking a minor part in a more or less secular concert. Whether one likes it or not, it is one of the few distinguished Catholic choirs in the city, in the country, perhaps in the world. Just as the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is probably celebrated on West 59th Street with more noble beauty than anywhere else on the earth, outside one or two Benedictine monasteries, so the Paulist Sanctuary Choir has made a just name for itself as an almost adequate accessory to that ceremony. A liturgical and musical synthesis is there achieved, not in its perfection perhaps but, relatively, to a remarkable degree. We all know how little it is attained elsewhere in this city.

No matter how dignified the rite, how acceptable the music, a lamentable cleavage, an immoral divorce, is usually produced between the two things by the atrocious organ-loft nuisance which mars the average church. Next to the director without piety and without taste, next to his professional mixed choir, that organ-loft in the west end is perhaps the greatest obstacle in the way of the musico-liturgical reform we are always hearing about. Well, they have no organ-loft at the Paulist Fathers, and *Deo volente,* they never will. Nor do they have a great, brand-new ramping monster of an organ, drowning out all sound and sense, save one's sense of an invisible *kappelmeister* doing his best to imitate the Twentieth Century Limited going over a cast-iron trestle-bridge. The accompaniment there is usually harmonious and discreet, despite the occasional abuse of tremulants, bells, and other manifestations of man's depravity.

Moreover, despite Father Finn's flirtations with

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Muscovite and Levantine *Amens,* the versicles and responses are usually exquisite; there is neither the dreary *a capella* bawling sometimes heard in Anglican churches of the "pure" type, nor a frittering away of the snatches of plainchant in a series of pretty chords. As for some of the better music habitually sung—the Palestrina "Missa Brevis" and "Missa Ascendo ad Patrem," the allegri "Miserere," certain old noëls and carols—there can be no gainsaying that they are better performed at St. Paul's than anywhere else. Even the sentimental Masses and motets of Gounod assume, under Father Finn's direction, an ethereal, a truly devotional, aureola which would probably edify the composer were he to return.

In fact, there are fifty different things for which the devout or musical parishioner has reason to be thankful. We wish that some of the severer critics of Paulist music in New York were obliged to spend nine months in a country town or, better yet, a year in a city like Paris where, save for the rare appearances of the Petits Chanteurs, there are no choirs or music worth mentioning except the chant gargled by a baker's dozen of whisky tenors. It might teach them to be less "puritan" in their reflections on this magnificent choir with its superb attainments, and its still more splendid possibilities.

That is to say, all is not a matter of mediaeval lilies and roses, in the case of the Choristers. We have, as we have said, the very strongest objection to Father Finn's relative neglect of the authentic music of the Catholic religion, namely Gregorian chant, and we are writing this, not as a purist, nor as a critic, nor even as a musician, but simply as a lover of plainsong. As a lover of the chant, then, we say, let us have more of it, and plenty of it, particularly such traditional themes as the "De Profundis" and the "Salve Regina" which no professed mediaevalist, let alone, musician, would ever have ventured to discard. Another defect which does not so much apply to the director as to his fellow clergy is the present habit of discarding the public observance of a dozen great holy days, perhaps on the ground that Mr. Pietro Yon has not as yet composed settings for them. Vespers of the Dead on November 1, and Compline in Lent, are the examples which come to mind, but there are plenty of others, including the ordinary Vespers for Sunday throughout the year. With all respect to a director and organization we greatly admire, we submit that a sacred concert on Sunday evenings, broken by a sermon or literary lecture, is not a very Catholic substitute for the portion of the *Opus Dei* expressed in the versicle:

> Dirigatur, Domine, oratio mea;
> Sicut incensum in conspectu tuo.

Will the clergy never comprehend that an unmutilated liturgy and liturgical music play a far more important part in conversion, in practical Christianity, than at present they appear to imagine?

A hundred memories and experiences come crowding in about this great church which for generations has enlisted the love of so many thousands. There was the Solemn Vespers with nine copemen for some rally of the Holy Name Society years ago, and the Irishman behind me whispering behind his hand to his neighbor the words so significant when one thinks of then: "They do everything *right* here." There were the processions with the image of the Virgin on Rosary Sunday, and all their ardor and devotion, their Italian color, their delightful hymnody and shouts of praise. There was the patronal festival of 1915, with the Apostolic Delegate, the late Cardinal Bonzano, at the throne, his intense and youthful spirituality suggesting a dubious phrase of Pater's, "the elegance of sanctity." The Mass chanted on this great occasion, by the way, was *not* the perrenial "Saint Cecilia" of Gounod; it was the "Missa de Angelis."

A great musical art was then achieved by the simple device of following the directions in the Gradual. Plainsong was not treated as an archaeological toy, or rendered as a heavy solo; it was sung by the whole chorus, boys and men, as a living, vital and lovely thing. And my favorite story of the old days at the Paulists' is that of the ex-choirman, Irish also, who said, speaking of Father Finn's predecessor: "He took us kids from the street where we knew nothing but deviltry, and taught some of us to sing and to like Gounod and Mozart and Handel. But most of all he taught us to love the chant."

Psallite Sapienter

I shall not come the asking way before
His face, for that were loud with human noise,
And I should miss the silver swell of peace
That brings a little soul to seraph joys.

Instead I'll sing the timbrel-songs of praise
That Miriam of old, old days, and she
Of fear and holy hope and fairest love
Found good to sing in far-off Galilee.
O I shall sing, "Why skip ye, hills, like lambs?
And, sea, why turn ye back? And proud, firm earth,
Why melt ye into waters? Is the Lord
So nigh us then that thus ye tell your mirth?
Dost hear Him, hills, and know ye this of Him
That He is good, He maketh rain to fall,
He healeth broken hearts, He calleth stars
By name, and sendeth forth His speech to all?
If you, great earth, and ye, the sea He made,
Would sing the glory of His name, O then
My word will swiftly run to worship Him
Who keeps my coming in and, yet again,
My going out, Who is a shining lamp
Unto my feet lest I should stray apart,
And Who hast made His face to shine on me,
And Who hast given gladness in my heart."

I shall not come the asking way before
His face, but I shall come as David came;
My soul shall sing with silver din, that all
The world may know the power of His name!

SISTER MOIREEN.

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AVIATION AS AN INDUSTRY

By JOHN McHUGH STUART

THE INFANT prodigy of industry is facing the test of maturity. Aviation is no longer a child marvellous because capable of a virtuoso's performance. By the hard test of return on invested dollars it must very shortly prove itself to the banker and the business man. If it does not, the art of flight will be set back so far that it will take years for it to recover. And that is important if for no other reason than that the art of flight may play a decisive part in the next war.

On the whole the outlook is encouraging. But there is a debit as well as a credit side to the ledger of aviation's achievements. And it is only by looking straight at the ledger that a fair idea of the picture may be gained. Interest should by now have got by the ballyhoo, the window dressing and the mere display of aviation's goods.

Never has there been such ballyhoo for an infant industry. So great has been the downright public interest in the series of stunts that have followed in the wake of Lindbergh's leap to fame that trade names again and again go by the eyes of hard-boiled city editors onto the front pages of the newspapers. Objectively this has served the industry by bringing to the gates of the airports the thousands of men and women who within the last year have become regular and frequent patrons of well-established airlines. Nearly four hundred thousand passengers were carried in 1930 on thirty-four lines, an increase of 133 percent over 1929. Subjectively it has so focussed the spotlight on the operations of those lines as to force reforms in operation which have brought the safety factor of air travel for the last six months of 1930 to a level two or three times that of travel by any other means. That fact may well be considered the greatest achievement in aviation's recent career.

Between the days of the Wrights and the end of the war men learned to fly, to fly in every conceivable fashion. It has taken the decade and more since the war for them to learn to fly safely. All of those years accumulated a body of definite knowledge as to what was safe and what was not safe in an airplane. The last six months of the last year seem to have convinced operators that their only commercial salvation lay in keeping well within the known limits of physical safety.

The year 1930 opened with three disastrous accidents to passenger planes. There was no mystery about their causes. In each instance someone had taken a chance. As a result the law-sanctioned regulations of the United States Department of Commerce were tightened and the operators themselves adopted a policy of no flying but safe flying. At the same time, through the use of radio, the coördination of weather reports and the system of dispatching planes, they did much to extend the limits of safe flying. The result is apparent in the figures of the "Aircraft Year Book" showing 3,900,000 passenger miles flown per passenger fatality for the whole year.

Other items on the credit side of the ledger are worth considering. Great advances have been made in the passenger's comfort through the insulation of cabins against noise and weather. It may be said generally that the fatigue of a journey by air is now much less than that by either train or automobile. Access to airports has been improved, though not yet by any means improved enough, and the airports themselves have been made safer, more efficient, and more comfortable. Definite schedules have been established and maintained and the advertising and sale of tickets on airlines has been brought to a point commensurate with the demand.

A rate of seven or eight cents per passenger mile has been pretty generally arrived at as a basis upon which passengers will ride the lines and upon which operation can be made profitable. Recent experiences of operators indicate that this rate may be still further lowered owing to the unexpectedly long life of the transport planes manufactured within the last two and three years. Most operators built their rate structure on a plane life of two or three years. The service manager of a larger maker of transport planes came back the other day from a trip over his customers' lines with the news that planes sold two and three years ago looked and performed today better than they did when they left the factory. This, with the reduction in insurance costs consequent on the generally safer operation is bound to reduce rates and increase profits on the well-managed lines.

The government, too, has at last been fair, if not generous, to the air lines. The Watras Act for the payment of carriage for the air mail is in general such as to provide the lines with a pretty sure guarantee of their direct flying costs on equipment that can carry a non-mail load of passengers or express to provide overhead and profits. As the air mail long ago proved its value to the community this cannot be regarded as a subsidy, any more than can the orders which the army, navy and cost guard are now placing with the manufacturing end of the industry—about which more anon.

Sport and private flying, frankly, is still in that undeveloped and speculative state in which public utility flying was two or three years ago. The reason for this is that the operation of an airplane is still too much a matter of highly developed skill and too expensive for any but a few to indulge in. The industry at this moment is buzzing with reports of the small, cheap, safe plane that can be sold to a prospect on

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Saturday, in which he can be taught to fly on Sunday, and in which he can fly home to his own back yard on Monday. The writer knows of at least two planes actually built to meet these specifications. But they have yet to meet the test of any but expert use. They cannot be produced cheaply except in quantities. They cannot be produced in quantities until a quantity of men and women have shown that they can fly them usefully and safely.

This glance at the credit side of the ledger is confirmed by a glance at the field of actual operations. In the Arctic and subarctic and in the tropics, where other means of transportation are primitive or lacking, aviation is serving and is paying. It is cheaper as well as quicker and more comfortable for a prospector to fly in northern Canada than it is for him to mush with dog teams or travel by canoe. It is cheaper and quicker and more comfortable for a salesman to cover the West Indies and South America by air than by steamship and rail. It is increasingly more convenient and almost as cheap to travel between coast and coast in the United States by air rather than by rail. In general it may be said that wherever rail transportation has not been brought to the acme of perfection, aviation is making good in every sense. There are even a few examples of airlines that are competing with reasonable success against the finest development of railroad transportation.

Now for the debit side. The figure that turns out glaringly red there is this: that the development outlined above is not sufficient to pay a return on the millions the public poured into the capital funds of aviation enterprises in those halcyon post-Lindbergh, pre-bear-market days when Wall Street pools were actually discovered buying Seaboard Air Line common stock because they thought it was an aviation security out of which millions might be made overnight.

Nor was overindulgence confined to such speculative ignoramuses. Aviation securities, at about 10 percent of their issued value, might be found in many an otherwise gilt-edged portfolio. The fact of the matter is that the depression hit the industry right in the bud. It was a common experience for builders of aircraft within the last year to be able to show an operator definitely how he could make money on a given line with given new equipment, only to have that operator's banker say: "Good grief! I can't make money out of my bank these days! How do you expect to make money out of those things?"

And that ended it, irrespective of basic merits.

Now aviation's capital funds are still in the hands of men in holding companies and trusts who have first of all the banker's attitude. Uncertain of the course of business generally they are grimly conserving their cash balances—and some of them are very large. As a consequence the profitable manufacture of airplanes has fallen close to zero.

There are ways in which the industry can break from the vicious circle and as yet none ventures to try them. Faster, more efficient planes can be built, first, to extend lines into new territory in competition with railroads and, second, to bring up the efficiency and the profit of existing lines. There can be a vast improvement in the merchandizing of aviation, and that means the bringing of airplane travel to its market through airports more convenient to centers of population. The most glaring example of this need exists in the city of New York. You cannot board an airplane in the metropolis without at least a half-hour's preliminary journey on the ground through uncomfortable urban traffic. Yet at the very doorstep of the world's greatest potential market for air travel lies an ideal air terminal on Governor's Island, ten minutes from Wall Street, and now occupied by infantrymen and prisoners of the United States army.

Convenience in this instance, as in most other instances with regard to aviation, may be translated into speed. And speed, as indicated in the beginning of this discussion, not only involves the future usefulness and prosperity of a heavily capitalized industry, but the possible safety of the nation in war times. One need not go the full length of those enthusiasts who believe the next war will be so exclusively in the air that the battleship will be junk and the infantryman an anachronism in bloody fragments. One can still believe that the ultimate basis of military success is the man holding his ground with the bayonet, and the battleship by its mere existence controlling the sea lanes. But even the most moss-covered general or admiral will now admit that the eyes of the military are in the air. You may not be able to maintain an airbase in the air, but you cannot maintain a base any place without eyes in airplanes. And ultimately you cannot have eyes in airplanes unless you have at least some airplanes that are faster or as fast as the other fellow's best.

It is an open secret that the speed of our fastest present military planes is well below that of the British, for instance, and probably well below that of the French and Italians. But here, too, pessimism need not be completely black. On the drawing-boards of plane designers and in the laboratories of engine builders there are today sound plans to meet this deficiency. Only, our experiences with aviation in the World War should have shown us that it is a long step indeed from drawing-boards to the air over the trenches.

In short, aviation's balance may be pretty accurately struck by saying that it depends upon the rapid development of the airplane's speed. That development depends upon the further use of capital. And while general conditions seem to militate against such a loosening of the purse strings, there are those who cling to the industry in the fond hope that it is yet to come and that, if it comes quickly enough, aviation will be to the next decade's business what radio was to the last and what automobiles were to the preceding one.

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Places and Persons

ACROSS HUYSMANS'S PARIS

By FRANK C. HANIGHEN

LUTETIA may be ironic in some matters. With great prodigality she bestows on her streets the names of her illustrious sons, but not always without design. As you walk up the Boulevard Raspail, one of the main avenues of the favorite quarter of Joris Karl Huysmans, you will cross, not far from the Rue Vaugirard, a humble little street. It is the Rue Huysmans. Although modern, it exudes that homely modesty quite appropriate for such streets which have replaced the fascinating old lanes of mediaeval Paris. Some bourgeois apartment-houses, a garish shop or two—that is all that distinguishes a street which commemorates Huysmans, who loathed the bourgeoisie and its modern metropolis.

The author of "En Route," one of the most famous of the Church's converts, thought that the Paris of his day was fast becoming a sort of "sinister Chicago," and he sought refuge in its churches, those "châteaux of the soul." He admired the ancient St. Séverin quarter, and he lingered often in one of its churches, the little St. Julien-le-Pauvre, probably the oldest church in Paris. From the exterior, "it resembles those rural chapels which have the air not only of ruined castles but also of abandoned barns; inside, in spite of its paltry size, it is grave and quite pretty." So Huysmans found it, and we must echo his regret that it has been spoiled by its conversion into an Eastern Orthodox temple. Icons and the typical Eastern altar-screen have marred something that was beautiful in only a Western way.

But he could not find terms lyrical enough to express his admiration for the neighboring Church of St. Séverin. In phrases that are almost ogival in their beauty he celebrated this little jewel of Gothic. He called it a "church on its knees," and he loved "its vault tanned by the patina of prayers." Do you remember the column "which, like a tree whose trunk turns on itself in a sort of spiral, breaks when it touches the vault and falls back in a perfect petrified rain of branches"? It is still there, in this "Madonna-church which cicatrizes wounded souls."

Huysmans could not foresee the ceremony which took place here on May 12, 1927. On the morning of that day, a Mass was said by the Abbé Mugnier and the sermon was preached by the Abbé Brémond, of the French Academy, to a congregation of some of the most distinguished men in Paris. It was the twentieth anniversary of Huysmans's death and it was most fitting that they should invoke his memory in this, his favorite church.

It was to the Abbé Mugnier that he first turned when he felt the stirrings of faith, and said with his usual acerbity of phrase, "I wish to clean my soul. Have you some lye?" The Abbé now old and venerable with decorations—he is Chevalier of the Legion of Honor—is proud of this conversion. It is the greatest of many that he has wrought in the social and intellectual world of Paris. The Abbé can testify that it was the most sincere and thorough of conversions, but admits that its way was "hardly the classic way" to Damascus. Who else but Huysmans would have said that "he made a package of his past and carried it to the church to disinfect it"?

Huysmans was intensely critical of all other fanes save his favorite St. Séverin. The modern churches he dismissed as "Empire sofas." Notre Dame elicited from him strong criticism and only measured praise: "With its dark bare façade, it disengages an impression of uneasiness and cold. It is not a benign sanctuary, not a maternal cathedral. But it is not its fault." He inveighed against the reconstructions and observes that "repaired and patched from top to bottom, it no longer has a soul. Its towers, weighty and somber, almost elephantine, rise up but slowly and heavily stop; no élan." But he admits that it has a wonderful transept; and that it has its points after all: "More mysterious than her sister churches; more wise and less pure." To Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, he could not grant unqualified approval. Aesthetically it was nul, he said, but he liked it for its position there in the midst of the financial district and for "its particular physiognomy, more happy than sad, less melancholy, more ardent, in any case than that of the rest of the churches." St. Germain-l'Auxerrois he sniffs at for its reconstructed air, and he grumbles at St. Merry for some ugly modern stained glass. He admits that St. Germain-des-Prés has an admirable choir, but maintains that the total effect has been ruined by the modern restorations.

But when he cast his terrible eye on the modern sanctuaries, there followed those corrosive detractions, those verbal vengeances, for which he was noted: "In Paris of today the modern churches are inert; they remain deaf to the prayers which break against the frozen indifference of their walls." He charged that "the clergy of the Madeleine make Jesus like a tourist when they invite Him daily to come down into that Church whose exterior is surmounted by no cross, and whose interior is like the grand lobby of the Hotel Continental." And as to the Church of the Trinity, "all the sickly elegance of the Second Empire is there. The scepticism and the refined corruption of modern times have constructed it. That smoking-room church, that prie-dieu sofa, where the odors of musk and frangipani

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mingle with the smoke of the incense, that church of a religion of 'good taste,' where one rents one's pew like a box for certain performances, that cute little boudoir, where ladies flirt on their knees and partake of mystic lunches, that Notre Dame of Champaka, in front of which one leaves one's carriage as before the door of a theatre."

For the nonreligious monuments of Paris there was an even more severe castigation. The Opéra is "that example of the perfumer's art," the Eiffel Tower is "an empty chandelier," and the Trocadero "is a dropsical person on his back with his two legs in air." Well, perhaps this misanthrope was, after all, a considerable humorist.

The Rue de Sèvres nowadays is a busy artery filled with the clangor of trams and buses which crash by on the none too even pavement and contrive to make more noise than any similar American street. It is filled with mediocre shops, not a few of which sell religious articles and are doubtless the same religious-goods houses which the novelist described. In Paris time effaces very slowly the old places, even trivial shops, and so it is not remarkable that a Huysmansian recently discovered in one of its shop-windows a stuffed rabbit which figured in "Les soeurs Vatard," that novel in which Huysmans meticulously described his neighborhood. But it is hard to believe, looking at the prosaic houses of this thoroughfare, that it was in one of these that Huysmans attended a celebration of that terrible ceremony, the Black Mass, which he described so vividly in "Làbas." At No. 11 he lived for many years and wrote most of his books in a little apartment on the third floor. No. 11 was an old convent of the Prémontré Order, driven out during the French Revolution. The door, formerly of considerable antiquity and beauty, has been restored in recent years and so perhaps would earn the novelist's bitter denunciation.

But it is fortunate that he cannot return to see the handiwork of time and the triumph of mechanistic civilization. He would find that his old chapter-house in Ligugé, where he lived as an Oblate, is now topped by a T.S.F. which reproduces jazz, stock reports and political speeches. And how enraged he would be to learn that his famous description of the "liqueur-organ" in "À rebours" has been used as an advertisement by the manufacturers of Benedictine. In Paris he would find his beloved quais and the bookstalls intact, but little else. Narrow thoroughfares in the Latin quarter, of old so cloistral and secluded, are now rendered hideous by the thunder and roar of buses bearing the proletariat to Montrouge and the exterior faubourgs, "those charming and tubercular quarters." Only in St. Sulpice on certain days might he find refuge, listening to the plainchant which is still one of the glories of this church—the plainchant which he called "the aerial and mobile paraphrase of the immovable structure of the cathedrals."

PUBLIC WORKS PROGRAM

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

AS PERHAPS its major contribution in the nation's fight to free itself from the business depression, the federal government has embarked upon a building program calling for the expenditure of over $700,000,000 for public works during the present year. Yet this tells only part of the story, for other state and semi-public projects are under contemplation which will push the expenditure for anticipated construction to well over $3,000,000,000. The general willingness to approve at this time of expenditures so vast not only is proof of our national faith in the future, but affords evidence of the great financial and material resources upon which, as a reservoir, the American people can now draw.

Never in peace time has the federal government turned to the construction of public works in so large a way. A normal yearly expenditure would be in the neighborhood of $250,000,000. Congress has been quick to vote the necessary funds, seeing in this instance eye to eye with the administration. In fact, the danger has not been so much that Congress would not vote the money necessary to have the dirt immediately begin to fly, but rather that it would approve a large number of unnecessary projects, merely to swell the payrolls. A fair degree of team-work has now been secured and, in general, only those projects are being pushed forward that can be justified by the yardstick of economic utility.

Let us turn to a few specific examples. Public and semi-public buildings would include such items as post and custom offices, roads, rivers and harbors, airports, bridges, parks and so on. A city of 5,000 will not be given a post-office large enough to handle the postal business of a city of 25,000, or 50,000, and by the same token an airport will not be located at a point where the development of aviation business cannot reasonably be expected. So with rivers and harbor improvements, once the happy hunting-ground of the pork-barrel legislator. The day has gone when Congress votes millions for such improvements merely because a couple of hundred members want to spent some federal money in their districts to repair their respective political fences. Thus the river and harbor improvements which Congress approves these days all carry the preliminary endorsement of the army engineers.

In spending over $700,000,000 of the people's money, the federal government, then, will confine itself to projects authorized and really needed. Though

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the Washington government either through the President's Emergency Committee for Unemployment, or otherwise, cannot lay down the law to states, cities, towns and counties, it is hoped that these policies will be followed by the responsible authorities all down the line. For wild-cat building, whether by the individual state or the federal government, will not help the patient; in fact, it may delay his recovery.

Post-offices are an important element in the $700,000,000 program. Since 1920 many millions have been added to our population; some cities have grown enormously during the last decade. So many demands were placed on the Treasury during the war and post-war period that new construction lagged behind. Existing facilities, in many instances, were overtaxed and many fast-growing cities were forced to get along with buildings altogether inadequate. Business suffered as a result, and an added burden was placed on the shoulders of postal employees. Today the tide has turned, and Congress as well as the federal administration is in the mood to build hundreds of new post-offices: some, like that in Boston, to cost $6,000,000 or so, and others, in the smaller towns, to cost but a few thousand dollars.

Post-offices are only one item in the federal program, though an important one. Practically every federal agency plans to increase its new construction materially this year. New roads will be speeded up and old ones improved; bridges built where the federal government has jurisdiction; new barracks will be provided at many army posts; new ships will be added to the fleet; new inspection stations on the Canadian and Mexican borders, and at ports of entry, and contracts made for embassies, legations and office buildings. Congress, too, is quite likely to vote some millions of dollars more for extending the facilities in existing Veterans' Bureau hospitals, if not for several new hospitals.

The quick advancement of federal funds, with the coöperation of the states, brought winter employment on federal-aid highways up to a normal spring level. In December, 1930, 16,493 men were employed on federal-aid work, an increase of 50 percent over the number employed the preceding December. The increase was made possible by apportioning the regular federal highway fund to the states four months earlier than usual. Road work will be further augmented in the early spring through the $80,000,000 which Congress not long ago appropriated to provide quick employment on highway jobs. Ordinarily, before work can start, the states must match federal funds, dollar for dollar. The $80,000,000 advance is in lieu of state money. Though it is in the form of a loan to the states, cash repayment on the $80,000,000 will not be required; the sum will be deducted from regular appropriations of future federal aid authorizations over the next five years.

Universities and colleges provide an important field of semi-public construction. Yale and Harvard, to cite only two institutions, have embarked on building programs aggregating $22,000,000 for the two. Reports received from sixty-five colleges indicate that they will spend $62,500,000 for new buildings in 1931, as compared with expenditures of $24,500,000 in 1929. As Colonel Arthur Woods, of the President's Emergency Committee, points out: "This class of work does not add new commodities to an overstocked market, and does not compete with existing employment. The colleges of the country, as a rule, have building plans completed for several years ahead, can obtain funds at advantageous rates, and are in a position to proceed with construction rapidly once proper authorizing action has been taken."

Though federal construction represents but 5 percent of the $10,000,000,000 worth of construction in the United States, it is nevertheless a great lever which the country can bring to bear against unemployment in such periods as the present. An expenditure of $5,000 in a year, it is estimated, will put one man to work, and the money which he spends may give employment, in part at least, to several others. So, too, with orders placed for buildings and other construction materials. An order for steel, iron, cement, or what not, may furnish the initial impulse to set in motion a plant that for some months previously has been idle. The federal government not only has acted to put thousands of unemployed back on a payroll, but in so doing has given an impetus to industrial activity in widely scattered fields. There is hardly an industry in the country, that will not, directly or indirectly, share in the gain.

Our experience in the present unemployment crisis has emphasized quite plainly the necessity for planning, against such emergencies, extensive programs of public works while times are good. If a depression hits the country (and we have abundant evidence that there is a business cycle), a powerful stimulus can then be applied at need, by starting federal, state and local building projects. The present depression caught the country more or less unawares; building plans were not as fully worked out as they ought to have been, and for this reason the beneficial effects on industrial conditions throughout the country may be delayed.

Not long ago, the President's Committee on Recent Economic Changes made a valuable report on planning and control of public works. This committee laid special stress upon the "timing" factor. Construction of public works has often been tried in the past, as an unplanned method of emergency relief, with disappointing results. This lesson, moreover, applies to private no less than public construction. Some reserve, some margin, there ought to be at all times, while the wheels of industry are humming, but the important thing is to develop a technique for timing the release of the marginal jobs. As industry learns this lesson—the federal and state authorities already have learnt it—a great step will have been taken toward stabilizing employment. The ebb and flow of the employment tide must inevitably continue, but the recessions, it is

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believed, can be brought within much narrower limits. Even a 5 percent reduction in unemployment, in periods such as the present, not only reduces human suffering by a corresponding amount, but adds millions of dollars to the purchasing power of the country.

Enormous though its commitments may be in the aggregate, in its program of public works, the federal government is thus moving along sound economic lines. It has not "created" work, and it is not competing with private industry. Out of its experience should come many a lesson that will enable the American people to hold future business depressions under better control.

BIRTHPLACE OF SAINT PATRICK

By DONALD ATTWATER

FOR A long time now the birthplace of Saint Patrick has been a matter of keen controversy, though perhaps it is known to but few Irishmen that their great apostle was certainly not of Irish birth or parentage. In his "Confession" the saint himself tells us that he was born at "Banna Venta Aber" and that his father, whose name was Calpurnius, had a villa at "Enon," whence sea raiders carried Patrick off to Ireland.

Banna Venta Aber is as a rule identified with Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton in Scotland; but some researchers have tried to find it in Glamorgan in Wales, others at Daventry in England, and elsewhere. Port Eynon in Gower has sometimes been fixed on as Enon, but it is very doubtful if this name is so old as the fifth century. Now Mr. Kyrle Fletcher, an Englishman living in South Wales, has come forward with a new identification, and claims to find Banna Venta Aber at Abergavenny in Monmouthshire. *Banna Venta* is Welsh for "the hills of Gwent" and *aber* means "the junction"; for example, Abergavenny itself is "the junction of the Gavenny" (with the Usk); and the only place in Gwent that fits this description is this same Abergavenny. Moreover, in the Antonine itinerary this town is called Gobannio, and elsewhere Bannuim or Gobannuim. And Bannium in Gwent must be Saint Patrick's Banna Venta.

But what about Enon, where the villa of Calpurnius was situated? This is not so apparently obvious, but Mr. Fletcher has a theory which is none the less plausible for being ingenious. In the "lives" of the saint there are references to his going to a place sometimes called Arnon; sometimes Mount Arnon, an island in the Tyrrhenian sea; sometimes Mount Hermon, in Syria. Wherever it was, this Arnon was near a "six-walled city."

Some twenty miles from Abergavenny is the small town of Caerleon, a place of great importance in Roman Britain, when it was a walled city situated on the Via Julia, and the headquarters of a legion. It was the chief city of King Arthur, and here he is said to have been crowned by the archbishop, Saint Dubricius (Dyfrig). Now near to Caerleon is a village called today Llantarnam, and formerly known as Cil Sant Arnon, "the cell of Saint Arnon." Mr. Fletcher identifies Llantarnam with Arnon, and assumes the Arnon and Enon of the "lives" of Saint Patrick to be one and the same place. He points out that there is nothing unlikely, but rather the contrary, in the idea of Calpurnius, the decurion at Abergavenny, having a villa on the outskirts of Caerleon, the then military center of those parts; which was, moreover, readily accessible to Irish and other sea rovers raiding up the Severn estuary, of whose depredations in that neighborhood we have records.

In dealing with Celtic countries, one always looks for traces of the saints in place names. Now in South Wales "Patrick" is a rare element in such names, except around what we now call Saint David's, the *Menapia* of the Romans and *Hen Meneu* of the Welsh; there is no question of Saint Patrick's having been born in Dyfed, and outside that district Abergavenny is one of the few places where the saint's name is found. It is in the neighboring village of Govilon where there is a "Ffynnon Badrig," that is "Patrick's well," which until recently was the sole water-supply of the place.

Should it ever be definitely established that Saint Patrick was born at Abergavenny, this market town of Monmouthshire, "the gate of Wales" surrounded by its mountains, will have the distinction of being associated with the patron saints of two of the Celtic lands. For it was only eleven miles away, in the Black Mountains, that the great Saint David built himself a hermitage and gave his name to the place where afterwards the Canons Regular built a monastery, Llandewinant-honddhu, "the church of David on the brook Honddhu," now contracted to Llanthony.

Abergavenny has had its regular mission, served first by Friars Minor and now by Benedictines, ever since 1687, and the neighborhood of the birthplace of Saint Patrick, to call it such, has ever very properly been known as a center of "popery." Not so the Black Mountains. There the influence of Saint David is long dead. But recently a tiny handful of Catholics have opened a chapel a few miles yet deeper into the mountains than his former priory, and the religion of Saint Patrick and Saint David has its outpost where once Lollards, and later Baptists and Independents, fled for hiding.

ON CAKES

By PADRAIC COLUM

SHROVE TUESDAY, it was rightly decided, should be celebrated by the eating of pancakes. It is the eve of Lent, and it has always been recognized that the most satisfactory way of preparing for a fast is to have a feast. The best part of a feast, it has always seemed to me, is the part in which cakes have a place; a feast in which no time is wasted getting to the cakes—in which the cakes constitute the feast—is the best of feasts. Pancake Night, Shrove Tuesday, rightly precedes Ash Wednesday: the happiest feast before the longest fast.

It is true that the cakes eaten then are cakes in their simplest form—to wit, pancakes. But pancakes made by a practised pancake-maker (and there are, the Lord be praised, many such!) make a dish fit for a better man than a king—a dish fit for a sage. When I think of sages eating cakes, I think of them as eating pancakes made thin and with much butter on their surfaces. As a youth I used to tramp from house to house in a certain district in Ireland on Shrove Tuesday evening. I was fortunate in the fact that I had forty aunts (well, not quite forty) all adepts in pancake-making, and all living conveniently near to each other. I managed to visit nearly every one of them on Pancake Night.

I had a grandmother too. I don't remember her pancakes, but I have a distinct memory of a special cake she used to make for me. This cake had a name in Irish which means "cake of the palm": it had that name because it was shaped in the palm of the maker out of the dough left over from baking the bread for the next day. In my grandmother's house (this is a long time ago, and things have changed since) most of the bread we ate was baked in a pot-oven at night. Probably the mixing and the kneading and the putting of the dough into the oven took place at no great length of time after candlelight. But to a child lying in bed and keeping awake to watch

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such proceedings they seemed to be at a very remote time in the night. My grandmother's bread was mixed in buttermilk and with soda. When it was put in the oven, the coals and ashes of a turf fire were put around the oven and over it. And on the lid of the pot was placed "the cake of the palm," after sugar and sweet milk had been put on the top of it.

I have never lost my taste for cakes. After the cakes of folk-culture such as pancakes and "the cake of the palm," came cakes that were still popular but approaching the cakes of the higher cultivation: squares of ginger-bread sold off carts at little fairs or in little shops; ginger-cakes which were very vitalizing as one faced a mile of road on a chill evening (in those remote days one could get a bag-full for two pence). Later on there was a heavy, clammy cake that one bought in pennyworths—Chester Cake it was called. It was related that the ingredients of this cake were always mixed in beer—porter—and this rumor added to the worth of the cake, to our minds, by giving it a dark and secret origin. And, still on the border between the cakes of folk-culture and the cakes of the higher cultivation, there were spiced cakes and cream tarts.

Then came cakes of the higher cultivation—cakes with icings, cakes with rare fruits crowning them and embedded in them, cakes that are the creations of meditative and daring intelligence. All such cakes are a temptation to me—all, I should say, except cakes that have chocolate outside or inside of them. I think such cakes are mistaken. When I see people whose tastes, I know, are indisputable eating them, it is as if I saw them reading the longer poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Chocolate cakes are not for me.

I do not know what ingredients should go into a cake, or how these ingredients should be combined, or how the combination should be baked. But I know the temper in which cakes should be made. The temper should be that of affection and light-heartedness. Soups can be made by slaves. Meats may be cooked by mockers and salads mixed by suspicious, cross-eyed servitors. Fish and fowl can be prepared by fleshly men sunk in infamies. But cakes can only be made by the candid-eyed. Everyone knows that Cinderella could make cakes and that her jealous half-sisters couldn't, and it is clear to Shakespearian scholars that Cordelia would have been a cake-maker.

"I offer you cakes and friendship," said a remarkable lady to me once. She, being the most experienced lady in Dublin, knew that these went together. I cherish her friendship still and I have happy memories of her cakes. And I have happy memories, too, of the cakes of another lady who not only serves them but makes them—Mrs. Vaughn Moody. I have sat in her house with Rabindranath Tagore, both of us eating her cakes while we agreed that neither in the East nor the West were there cakes that more closely approached the ideal cake. Hers are cakes (or should we call them cates?) such as the Queen of Sheba gave Solomon when full of friendship for him.

Spring Thunder

Past buildings I can see a square of sky
Like a sheet of pewter, palpitant with lightning
And heavy thunder crowds upon my ears—
Spring thunder! Now the sky at last awakes
From its long quiet pantomime of clouds,
Snow fleeces and impenetrable mists.
Now fire rends it and the thunder speaks,
Rain falls and hail, in torrents to the ground,
And their significance is warmth and spring.

MARIE GILCHRIST.

COMMUNICATIONS

CATHOLIC PEACE DAY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: A nation-wide response is being given this week to the appeal of Pope Pius XI for peace in his Christmas, 1930, allocution to the Sacred College in which he says: "To Catholics of all the world and particularly those who study, labor and pray in Catholic Action, We turn today with this warm invitation and plea." The Holy Father observes that the "glory and the duty of this apostolate of peace belong principally to Us, and to all called to be ministers of the God of peace," and adds: "But here is a vast and glorious field for all the Catholic laity, too, whom We unceasingly call upon and ask to share in the hierarchical apostolate."

It would be well, if space permitted, to present the glorious record of the Church in behalf of peace among nations. The Truce of God, the peace treaties of the middle ages, the Jesuit Suarez and the Dominican Vitoria, the efforts of Pius X and Benedict XV to avert the World War, the work of Pius XI—are all part of a colorful history out of which have come not only the Catholic Association for International Peace in the United States, but similar organizations in Austria, Czechoslovakia, England, France, Germany, Holland, Poland, Switzerland, China and Brazil.

To assist in the spread of the apostolate of peace, the Catholic laity in the United States, through the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the National Council of Catholic Women, the National Council of Catholic Men, and the Catholic Association for International Peace, were invited to participate in the celebration of a "Catholic Peace Day" by preparing a program for one day in the week from March 15 to March 21, shortly before Easter—the great feast of peace. The Social Action Department is assisting 169 Newman Clubs; the Catholic Association for International Peace is planning the work for the observance in 162 Catholic colleges; the National Council of Catholic Women has sent out material to its 1,735 affiliated women's clubs; and the National Council of Catholic Men, to its 2,500 affiliated organizations. These organizations have been supplied with suggestions for the observance, bibliographies, pamphlets and articles pertinent to the occasion. Over ten thousand copies of "The Holy Father's Appeal for Peace" have been distributed. The two pamphlets, "The Christian Way to Peace" and "Peace Statements of Recent Popes," prepared by the N. C. W. C. Joint Committee on Peace, are being widely used, and the reports prepared by the various committees of the Catholic Association for International Peace are being used extensively. All of these last have supplementary study club outlines and bibliographies. Among them are "International Ethics," "Latin America and the United States," "Causes of War," "Security, Old and New," "Vitoria, Founder of International Law," "The League of Nations in its First Decade" and "American Agriculture and International Relations."

The following are the suggestions offered to Catholic colleges and Newman Clubs throughout the country: Have the appeal of Pope Pius XI for peace read and discussed during the program; invite speakers to address the students on some subject pertaining to world peace, international relations, the Church and peace, etc.; have the students prepare debates on topics based on nationalism and internationalism, the United States and the World Court, the League of Nations and the United States, the United States and Latin America, disarmament, etc.; have special students give summaries of the various

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reports prepared by the Catholic Association for International Peace; ask the students to prepare papers on such subjects as the Church and peace efforts, the letter of Pope Benedict XV to the belligerent nations, the Christian way to peace, the Catholic Association for International Peace, the program of Catholic peace groups in various countries, how the college can assist the Catholic peace movement, Catholic lay action and peace, etc.

It is also suggested that the students may report on such a topic as the "Catholic Press and International News" by a review of the Catholic newspapers, magazines, etc.; that an open meeting be arranged, preferably for the evening, and the talks broadcast; that a full account of the program be given to the local press; that it be arranged to have a sermon on some subject pertaining to the Church and peace given on the Sunday preceding or following the week of March 15-21; that the president, dean, or professor of history, of social or political sciences, of international relations in the various colleges form a permanent contact with the Catholic Association for International Peace.

A word concerning the history and purpose of the Catholic Association for International Peace is not amiss at this point. The association, which now has a representative membership of approximately three hundred, came into existence as the result of a series of meetings during 1926-1927. The initial step was taken immediately following the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, June, 1926, where representatives of a dozen nations met informally with Americans for discussion. This was followed by a second meeting in October of the same year in Cleveland where a temporary organization known as the Catholic Committee on International Relations was formed. In April, 1927, at a two-day conference in Washington the permanent name, the Catholic Association for International Peace, was adopted. Three conferences were held in the same city in 1928, 1929 and 1930, and a fifth one is being held in New York City on April 6-7. An all-day regional conference took place in Chicago on Armistice Day, 1930.

Besides issuing reports on questions of international importance, the association seeks the membership of Catholics interested in peace, issues monthly the *International Relations News Letter* for aid in colleges and study clubs, furnishes material on international questions, prepares and distributes bibliographies and study club outlines on special subjects, promotes study clubs and debating societies in Catholic colleges, and cooperates with Catholic peace groups abroad and with some of the peace societies in this country.

In carrying out its program, the association aims to study, disseminate and apply the principles of natural law and Christian charity to international problems of the day; to consider the moral and legal aspects of any action which may be proposed or advocated in the international sphere; to examine and consider issues which bear upon international good-will; and to further, in accord with the teachings of the Church, the objects and purposes of world peace and happiness.

The personnel of the executive committee of the association is made up of the following: Right Reverend Thomas F. Lillis, D.D.; Reverend Francis J. Haas, Ph.D.; Marie J. Carroll; Michael F. Doyle; Charles G. Fenwick; Anna Dill Gamble; Frederick P. Kenkel; Reverend Linus A. Lilly, S.J.; Reverend Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C.; Herbert F. Wright; Carlton J. H. Hayes; Edward Keating; Elizabeth B. Sweeney; Reverend John A. Ryan, D.D.; Parker T. Moon; Right Reverend Edwin V. O'Hare; William F. Roemer; Reverend George Johnson; Reverend Maurice S. Sheehy; Elizabeth M. Lynskey; Reverend R. A. McGowan; Reverend Joseph F. Thorning, S.J.; William Franklin Sands.

The Catholic Association for International Peace comes at a crucial time. Our international position has been magnified many times; our opportunities and obligations have been correspondingly magnified. As citizens of a democracy and as Catholics, we are bound to see to it, as far as we may, that our citizenship is used to bring justice, charity and peace among the peoples of the earth. The association wishes to do its part to help the United States and Catholics especially to know and live up to these opportunities. It earnestly invites the participation of all Catholics in the apostolate of peace recommended by the Holy Father. It aspires particularly to be of service to Catholic lay organizations in their work of furthering "the peace of Christ in the kingdom of Christ."

ELIZABETH B. SWEENEY,
Secretary, Catholic Association for International Peace.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

Muncie, Ind.

TO the Editor: It affords me pleasure to accept the invitation of Reverend R. H. Lewis in discussing the above topic. In fact—putting it in American slang, which we Americans feel more and more privileged to use since it is contained in the latest limited edition of the "Oxford Dictionary," though we have always been supposed not to know how to speak English correctly—I'm "falling all over myself" to get this reply to you, for your article in THE COMMONWEAL of February 18 sure "burnt me up."

To begin with, Father (we take for granted that you are a Catholic priest), just what do you actually know about women in industry, business, etc.? Nothing, I daresay, except from hearsay and reading. As to actual experience in business, none of you clergy are in a position to discuss the subject from actual experience, for you have had none, that is, the majority of you—we grant exceptions, perhaps. How many hours of a clergyman's life have been spent in a factory, business office, etc.? You have to be a real observer to know exactly what a girl in an office has to do, or a girl in a garment factory or factory of any other industry. You say that the women of today are "out of their sphere" in the business world. You also refer to the "natural weakness of their sex." Do by all means, Father, get acquainted with your sex. I'll put all the weakness that the average woman possesses against the weakness of the average man any time and see who comes out winner.

Have you ever had occasion to discuss with any ordinary working girl or woman in business just why she is there? Find out for yourself how many women in this world are working outside the home for sheer pleasure. Nine-tenths of them are there because they have to be, just as the woman of old and some of the women in the foreign countries today are in the field because they must be there, in order to eat and sustain the life that the Almighty has given each one. You might, for your own information, take a straw vote among a group of girls in any industrial factory or any one of the larger offices of a town, and let them answer the question, "Why are you working and would you give up your work for a home and family?" And see for yourself what your replies would be.

With apology for speaking of myself, I'm going to relate some of my experiences and you can draw your own conclusions as to whether or not I'm in business for the "fairyland rife with new thrills and romantic adventure," as you put it. For seventeen years I have held down jobs in industry, fairly responsible ones because I have always been able to command

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what is considered a good salary for anyone my age. During that period of time I have had more than one opportunity to marry. None of them were worth considering. In most instances I would have been called on to work for a number of years after I was married in order to live decently—note that I state decently, not lavishly or extravagantly, but in plain decency. For I have been accustomed to but few luxuries. One of these proposals required that I work a couple of years after I was married. My answer to this proposition was that I would be perfectly willing to work and save my money for two years before I married but that I was not willing to work outside the home after I was married. The result of this answer was—no marriage. All well and good. Nothing could convince me but that I was the gainer in this proposition, barring the fact that I craved home and family.

"Business or industry has also suffered from its invasion by the feminine element." Goodness, but you speak with authority! I only wish you would spend a day in any busy office and just see how much the men folks depend on what the so-called office girls do. Do you realize just how helpless some of our so-called "big business men" are? Some of us are even compelled to keep their pencils sharpened, not to mention any number of a dozen and more items that we are compelled to do for them outside of the line of work for which we were actually hired. I know of more than one man who would rather part with his wife than his office girl because the one is more necessary to his livelihood than the other. Don't misunderstand this last statement of mine. I mean an office girl—not actually indispensable, for no human being is this—but indispensable from the efficiency standpoint.

Let us discuss merit as regards men and women employees. There is hardly an office to be found that does not employ an inefficient male, but just let a girl or woman employee not come up to expectations and out she goes. I know for I've worked with them. Let me assure you that when a woman has held down a job in industry of any kind, for a period of three to five or ten years or more, she is there because she has merited it and not as a piece of furniture or decoration to the place. Business, today, is entirely too hard-boiled to keep any of us on for pleasure. Our employers are all too interested in making the almighty dollar to fool around trying to please the office help in order to keep them. Any single girl working today, no matter in what line it is, works because she is compelled to, and not for the pleasure she might derive therefrom. Any of them would much prefer a home and family to this daily grind. And as to the widows and married women that are compelled to work—they can certainly speak for themselves without anyone having to go out of their way to defend them.

Why not, Father, write an article and see whether you couldn't induce some of the men to go to work? You speak of unemployment. I have been in my present position for almost twelve years. The boss and myself talked over the fact that never have fewer men asked for work than during the present spell of depression. Heretofore, we have been accustomed to having any number of men call at our office for employment. Such has not been the case during the fall of 1930 or this winter. As long as a man is fed he does not worry whether he gets work. How many women do you find begging? Very few, in comparison to men.

If you undertake to put women out of the business field, you are up against a bigger proposition than that you already have on your hands—trying to curb birth control in this country. You know that Catholics, as a whole, are not doing as they should regarding this burning question. That was the Pope's reason for putting it before them recently. Things promulgated fifty years ago become stale and forgotten unless they are placed before us again.

Let me relate in closing that I have the pleasure to cherish the friendship of a Catholic priest whom I admire very much and with whom I discuss various topics at intervals, our latest discussion being the Einstein theory. Allow me to quote verbatim from a recent letter of his: "Men of science should stick to their trade. They are not students of theology, which is also a science, and should not pose as experts in it any more than we priests, who are students of theology, should pose as authorities on science which, as a rule, we know nothing about." I believe that this same reasoning applies to priests and industry. You know nothing about industry, so stick to your trade—theology.

Don't mistake me for a miserably sour old maid—I'm not. I'm happy in my work, but put a decent matrimonial proposition before me and see me leave it—gladly.

EDNA F. KRUG.

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor: In response to Reverend F. H. Lewis's invitation to readers of your esteemed publication, to discuss the question of women in business, I should like to make some remarks.

In the first place, I agree with him absolutely in disliking the idea of women in business, and wishing to see home life renewed. Especially is this true, in the case of married women.

But on the other hand, to make such a sweeping move as he suggests, would be to a certain extent like the prohibition move. For instance, I have heard widowed mothers say what a consolation and help their daughters were to them, in supporting their homes, as compared with their sons. Again, there must always be quite a few of us who for some reason are left aside when matrimony is considered and who, not having sufficient funds to take care of us, must depend upon ourselves.

Even if this were a day of many domestics, one could not expect us one and all to take up that kind of work, and teaching and other lines open to women are already overstocked, at least in our section.

While the worst form the evil of women in business takes, is the question of the married woman, there may be some good in that too. For the woman who is not satisfied at home and who goes into business, would probably spend her time going somewhere else if she did not go out to work, and the fact that she has her own income may tend to more peace at home than there would be if she received or tried to get all she wanted from her husband.

There are other objections that might be made, along lines of an even more serious nature (excepting the case of the married woman) than those mentioned in Father Lewis's letter, for which no doubt there is foundation, though after seven years' experience in the business world, I have never come into contact with anything of the kind. That is, of course, the danger to morality in the usual signification of the term.

Under existing conditions I do think that, unless in cases where the husband is incapacitated or out of employment, the married woman should be barred from office work, whether it spells discord in the home or not. But for the rest, it is a thing that is with us and fills a real need, in many cases.

It seems to me that to get at the real root of the evil, we must go deeper than shutting off any one avenue of escape from home life and, by developing their native tendencies and abilities, make women want to take their proper places. It needs, of course, the instruction that is received from the pulpit, the teacher and the press, backed and supported by the prayers

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that are constantly going hand in hand with those various works. And possibly to obtain the desired results God may send some other great calamity to jar woman back into her own niche.

Or possibly the best solution of the problem would be an effort along the lines recently initiated in Holland—called, I believe, the Ladies of Nazareth. As I understand it, this is an organization composed of members who live a community life, wear no habit and go out daily to the ordinary duties of business life. Such an organization could not but raise the standards of the workers with whom the members would be associated, giving it a standing with employers. Aside from this, it would bring incalculable advantages to the members themselves, both spiritual and temporal.

I know personally a number of women in business, who are leading very virtuous lives in so far as they know how, who are interested in things spiritual and would rejoice at the opportunity of learning more. There are great possibilities to such an organization and it seems to me that to meet the question in this way is more in accordance with the practice of the Church, which has always been to make use of anything she has at hand which is not intrinsically bad in order to further the interests of God and the good of souls.

ANASTASIA M. LAWLER.

FOR THE CATHOLIC PRESS

Somerset, Bermuda.

TO the Editor: While not presuming to criticize your editorial, "For the Catholic Press" in THE COMMONWEAL of February 18, which as a matter of fact would not admit of unfavorable criticism, at the same time one line, in many respects irrelevant to the subject-matter, made me sit up and take notice. Here it is: "While many of the newspaper editorials were entirely respectful to the Holy Father's views. . ." (expressed in the encyclical on marriage).

Many, not having a clear knowledge of the Papacy and infallibility, might go so far as to suppose that His Holiness was actually expressing his "views" rather than propounding a dogmatic truth that the Church has always taught and will teach until the end of time. A "view," as such, is an opinion, and an opinion is a persuasion without proof or knowledge. So, our conclusion is that the Holy Father does not express his "views" in such cases.

REV. BASIL MARTIN.

"ROMAN CATHOLIC"

Rome, Italy.

TO the Editor: It may interest those writers to THE COMMONWEAL who have debated the proper appellation of the Catholic Church to know the present usage of certain terms in the modern city of Rome.

My friend Lisotti, who races motorcycles and plays football besides managing the popular Neapolitan wine shop in the Square of the Holy Apostles, was giving me gastronomical advice. "Such and such a place is good," he said, "but I don't think you would like it; the boss is a Romanist and the place is filled with them." "What surprise is this?" I said "I am a Catholic and supposed you were." "'Macchè' Catholic," he said, "and what has that to do with it? I say the Lazio is the better football club and plays a more open modern game; it's the older club too. The Roma is rich but you won't find the Romanists playing a losing game with all their stomach till the whistle blows. Come with me next Sunday and see."

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

As Husbands Go

IN FOUR plays out of five, Rachel Crothers is apt to carry on some pleasantly subtle propaganda against the more disturbing fads and habits of the day. As its subtlety is mixed with capacious humor, considerable charity and much human warmth, the final result is less like preaching than most such efforts and much more like the unobtrusive force of quiet and persistent example. Her characters are seldom all black or all white, and are apt to be delicately and richly colored in something stronger than pastel shades. Her latest play, "As Husbands Go," although clothed in the trappings of sophisticated comedy, has a distinctly serious undertone. Its one knotty problem is settled more along lines of good sportsmanship and expediency than on solid principle, yet, as a few people are beginning to realize faintly, good sportsmanship itself descends from days when principles governed men's lives, and expediency, when it is the least bit wise, generally traces to the same origins. It often happens, then, that the sportsmanlike and wisely expedient handling of a situation brings about the same result as action based on firmer and clearer grounds. This is the case in Rachel Crothers's handling of Lucille Lingard's problem—the wife who falls in love during a trip abroad and returns to a devoted husband who, "as husbands go," is one of the best and wisest and most thoughtful to be found in many wide acres.

The play opens with a prologue in the corner of a café in Paris, where Lucille Lingard, age thirty-five, and Emmie Sykes, age "about" fifty, are celebrating the eve of their return trip to America. Emmie, who has been a highly respectable widow of Dubuque, with a grown daughter, is being highly responsive to the broad vistas opened up by one Hippolitus Lomi, a gentleman of Levantine origins who believes that Emmie's money and companionship would form an excellent twilight for a somewhat vivid life. Lucille is even more deeply involved with Ronald Derbyshire, a young English writer some five or six years her junior. What with the glamor of Paris and the vagueness of the Continental viewpoint and all that, both women feel that they have been made to discover many hidden and surprising depths which Dubuque had long obscured. Ronald makes Lucille promise to tell her husband the truth the moment they are together, and to arrange at once for a divorce. There must be nothing underhand to mar their love, he says—which, of course, is one way of stating the case when you covet another man's wife!

At all events, the play gets fully under way when we find Charles Lingard waiting for his wife's return. Jay Fasset makes a really extraordinary character out of Charles Lingard, combining, as Miss Crothers could hardly have dared to hope, an easy straightforwardness and manliness with a curiously poetic sensitiveness and a thinly veiled romantic adoration of his wife. With her customary skill, Miss Crothers introduces a few important minor characters—such as Charles's little orphaned nephew who has come to live with him during the summer, Emmie Sykes's daughter, Peggy, and her quietly astute though giraffe-like fiancé, Jake Cannon. Miss Crothers's minor characters are not always necessary to the plots of her plays, but she always uses them to such deft advantage in revealing facets of her main characters that they slip into place with ease, simplicity and rich human value. Long before the moment when Emmie and Lucille enter the room, one has a complete and fully rounded picture of Charles Lingard—enough, perhaps, to make

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the end of the play apparent, yet also enough to make its working out in human terms a matter of real and sympathetic interest.

The way in which Lucille loses the courage to tell Charles what has happened, the way in which her indecision is brought to a climax by the sudden appearance on the scene of Ronald himself, the awkward efforts of Emmie Sykes to cover up the embarrassments of the moment, complicated by the presence of her own Hippolitus and the protests of her daughter, Peggy, and, finally, the way in which Charles Lingard senses the true situation and handles it from thenceforth; all this forms the plot material of an exceedingly well balanced and skilfully constructed play. Ronald, after his own fashion, is anxious to be aboveboard and discovers a problem of his own after a day of fishing with Lingard. The scene that evening between the two men is one of the most deliciously human bits on any stage this season. The ending of the play, after Ronald has packed up his things and departed, is also far above the ordinary level of comedy-drama, especially in what it leaves unsaid and merely implied. All in all, I do not see how Miss Crothers could resist paraphrasing Barrie's title, and calling her play "What Some Husbands Know."

In casting and directing her play, Miss Crothers has shown her usual expert judgment. Lily Cahill as Lucille has just the edge of distinction and grace necessary to make the part utterly believable, and is ably aided and abetted by Catharine Doucet as the gauche and not too ridiculous Emmie. The worldly-wise "Hippy" is ably handled by Roman Bohnen, and Geoffrey Wardwell fully takes the curse of caddishness off Ronald. Special words are also due Marjorie Lytell for her outspoken Peggy Sykes and Robert Foulk for his timely and effective Jake Cannon. He turns his Matterhorn figure to just the right advantage. Little Eddie Wragge as Charles Lingard's nephew is worth a play in himself. But in the end, I return to Jay Fassett's handling of Charles as that element without which the play would be lost. The look in his eyes when, during the second act, he first understands what has happened to his wife is a rare moment of theatre and a masterpiece of restrained artistry. As modern plays go—not to mention husbands—this one has many exceptional qualities, not the least of which is that its characters all have, at bottom, and when sufficiently probed, some trace of honor and decent instinct. Compared to the utter caddishness of the doctor in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," even Ronald Derbyshire is a man of worth. There is just enough similarity in underlying theme between these two plays to make Miss Crothers's story the best possible indictment of Barry's spurious "romance." (At the John Golden Theatre.)

City Lights

CHAPLIN—that's all! What thread of story there is to this film being of Chaplin's own concoction, the whole affair begins and ends with the world's greatest clown. And that is quite enough. Chaplin's sense of the incongruous is only the beginning of his art, and something which he shares with many other comedy writers and with many of the best comic strip artists. Even the majority of his clowning antics are not original, coming down, as they do, through the ages, from the day when the first clown banged a bladder on the head of a stolid victim. There is something else which gives Chaplin his supremacy, and although it has been said, I am sure, very often, I shall try to repeat it now.

Chaplin's particular genius has two phases, the first of which lies in his intention and the second in his power to convey that intention. Remember that I am not speaking about conscious intention. The real artist is seldom fully conscious of the entire import of his creative effort. When Eugene O'Neill tries to explain one of his plays, or when Chaplin tries to explain the meaning of his famous costume, including the significance of his large shoes, you can be pretty sure that they are missing the whole point. The artistic impulse, in general, is the very reverse of self-consciousness. It consists in reaching after things which are not quite clear, or which are admittedly to be grasped only through intuition. The moment art becomes self-conscious and capable of clear analysis by the artist, it changes from art to artifice. Chaplin's conscious intention may be anything from the effort to amuse to some notion that the figure he has created represents all the poor, defeated and pathetic characters of the world rolled into one. But I have a very strong conviction that beneath any of these possible intentions there surges nothing less than the impulse to create a new hero legend. It is in the heroic mold, rather than in the pathetic, that I am inclined to look for the secret of Chaplin's extraordinary power over audiences—in something, that is, which is akin to the basic folklore which still runs strong in the imaginations and hearts of people, no matter how civilized and sophisticated they may think themselves.

After all, the essence of the hero legend is the posing of an apparently insoluble conflict. If it is really insoluble, it turns into tragedy, after the Greek fashion. If persistency against all odds can solve it, then it turns either into heroic drama or into comedy. But whether we are thinking about Jack the Giant Killer or about Orestes, the chief center of our interest is the pitting of apparent weakness against enormous strength or power. Sometimes the hero legend ends in physical defeat and moral victory—as in "Hamlet"—in which case it becomes lyric or singing tragedy. But always there is the struggle against more than ordinary odds. And this is just the kind of situation Chaplin has evolved in all his pictures since he ceased being only a clown. His physical insignificance, his poverty, and his spells of stupidity, though turned to comic effect, are really a statement of the old hero problem, the modern equivalent of David and his sling shot matched against the giant of organized society, of wealth and of the cruelty of indifference.

In the present picture, as you watch Chaplin make one futile effort after another to get the money so desperately needed by the blind flower girl, and as you sense the tenacity behind his ridiculous antics, you see that he represents not only the battle against odds of the hero legend, but that other and equally important element as well, namely, chivalry. Nothing could be nearer to the heroic than the awkward success with which Chaplin displays his finer feelings and sensitive intuition in everything that concerns this girl. When all is said and done, I think I shall always remember the Chaplin figure as a knight errant in rags, defeated only in the obvious buffoonery of life, but serenely triumphant in everything that will and courage can attain.

This latest picture has all the customary incidental material, through which Chaplin achieves the second phase of his genius, the expression of his deeper intention. Some of it is delicious comedy, beautifully understated. Some of it is merely excellent horseplay—the old routine of the bladder and the custard pie varied to suit the occasion. As a technical achievement, it is right up to his best standards. But through it all, and right up to the exquisite last scene, one is conscious chiefly of the chivalrous little boy, matching inferior strength against the giant of the world. There is not a little of Cervantes in the creative power of Chaplin. (At the George M. Cohan Theatre.)

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BOOKS

Minerals and Society

World Minerals and World Politics, by C. K. Leith. New York: Whittlesey House, McGraw Hill Book Company. $2.00.

IT IS only very recently that the nations of the world have realized the value of mineral resources which the demands of industrial civilization have so suddenly transformed from unusual but useless rocks and minerals into raw materials of the utmost importance.

The author of this book was mineral adviser to the War Industries Board and the War Trade Board in Washington in 1918, and since that time has been actively engaged on nearly all the investigations dealing with minerals and their relation to nations, politics, conservation and such matters. His book is the outcome of many of these investigations. It contains a brief statement of facts collected and sifted by an authority. It is readable, well written, striking.

We are all satiated with statistics, and large figures mean little in this day, but any thoughtful reader will be arrested by the following: ". . . More mineral resources have been mined and consumed since the beginning of the century than in all preceding history; . . . in the United States more minerals have been mined and consumed in the last twenty years than in its preceding history; . . . the per capita consumption of minerals in the United States has multiplied fifteen times in forty years;—the world consumption of several essential minerals has been doubling about every ten years. . . . Minerals now constitute about two-thirds of the railway tonnage of the United States and about a quarter of all ocean-borne traffic."

These statements coupled to the fact that nature has distributed minerals very unequally, so that not even the most favored nation is entirely self-sustaining in essential minerals, lead to the author's conclusion that most of the questions considered are international in scope. The present tendency is toward the tightening of national political control and national isolation. Within the nations themselves monopoly by large companies is an important factor, and it is far from settled how far this monopoly can be allowed to go.

It is interesting to note that the North Atlantic countries control most of the world's minerals and furthermore that important reserves of essential minerals are extremely rare. Luckily, the amount in most of these individual districts is very great, especially since we are passing into a stage of production based on low-grade deposits of long life, but the outline of the favorable geological conditions for large reserves is pretty well known. There are not many more of them. It is useless to count many small and widely scattered reserves as important, even though they be rich, because they cannot be economically worked.

Geographical changes in the mineral industry will continue but the broad outlines of the changes can be fairly computed for the future, and the nations that control the world's minerals today will continue to do so.

The author outlines the national and international policies of the various nations and shows how great companies come to control minerals far from their own national boundaries because their organization allows them to handle these commodities in a more efficient manner than many small companies could do it. But a clash of national interests is sure to result and this leads to the brink of war if not to actual conflict. Chapter VII on "Minerals and War" presents some important points. Nations lacking adequate sources of minerals must, if they prepare for war, store up supplies capable of supporting them for some time. The stocks of eight essential minerals laid up by Germany in the first six months of 1914 indicate that some unusual step was planned. The trade routes of minerals are so world-wide, and they cross so many national boundaries, that no nation can feel certain of obtaining its supplies once war is declared. The freedom of the seas in time of peace and control of the seas in time of war are essential. The very magnitude of the problem of preparedness in the raw materials essential to war may well cause nations to hesitate, and this economic factor may help to prevent future wars.

It is impossible to indicate all the important topics that are discussed in this book. Many of the problems are so far-reaching in their implications concerning the future of the world, and their study relatively so new to us, that the ultimate solution is still distant. The author however sums up the salient modern trends in the last chapter and indicates changes of emphasis which it appears must soon come about. Problems of public control and regulation will become more acute. Tariffs will be extensively revised and changed. Taxes must be ordered according to some far-sighted scheme, and many international arrangements must be made. It is foolish, for instance, to block the natural flow of minerals from an important source by a high tariff, which causes the development and exhaustion of some economically unimportant resource of our own which would be invaluable in time of stress when cost is no object. That is an attempt to create important mineral resources by legislation.

We can only hope that those entrusted with the development of our national policies possess some of the knowledge incorporated in this book and, if they do not possess it, that they will begin their education here and at once.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

More Light on Russia

Roter Imperialismus, by Georg Cleinow. Berlin: Julius Springer. $4.00.

THERE is now less reason than ever to doubt the serious importance of Russia or to question the intemperate enthusiasm of its masters. One may, however, wonder if much of contemporary writing about the Soviets does not lose itself in the maze of individual phenomena which have resulted from the "experiment." Where do Bolshevist theory and practice converge in acts of definitive significance to mankind as a whole? In how far do Russia's past and present interweave throughout the contemporary pattern? Because Dr. Cleinow's books—particularly the one under review—seem to answer these queries better than others, I feel it is worth while recommending them to the American public. Cleinow is, of course, not directly concerned with religious or cultural facts. He simply posits Soviet intellectual and spiritual autocracy as one force in a tremendous process of political realignment, and then proceeds to deal calmly, scientifically, with economic and social realities. "Roter Imperialismus" is "a study of the transportation problem of the Soviet Union." It studies the railways and waterways available for carrying out the Five-Year Plan and analyzes Bolshevist efforts to improve the system. But though the volume bristles with charts, maps and statistics, it is anything else but dull. The personality of a man who is one of the best lecturers I have ever heard vitalizes each chapter and leads the reader on to confront exceedingly serious conclusions.

The book opens with a consideration of the "quite incredible

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goals" which Soviet Russia has set for itself. Cleinow says that under present conditions in Eurasia the application of the class-struggle idea means simply the utilization of the national instincts of the so-called backward peoples in order to reach the identical political goals which were once called pan-Russian. The Bolshevists, therefore, have exactly the same ambitions as the great czars, though the methods which they employ are different. Hegemony in Asia and to a greater or lesser degree in Europe was as much the aim of Moscow during the past thosuand years as it is today; and even the weapons now in use have, despite all the current phrases, an obvious historical character. In its relations with China, Persia and India, for instance, the Soviet government has everywhere followed the paths traced during the czarist era and has sought to wed technical equipment with the class-struggle principle. It is not difficult to see how these plans depend first upon a solution of the transportation problem and second upon an amassment of capital sufficient to pay for what is done.

Naturally enough, the Five-Year Plan is now in the background of all Bolshevist engineering efforts. Of this Cleinow says: "Granted the conditions which now exist in Russia, I believe that the fundamental idea of the plan can be carried through at least to such an extent as will bring the entire industrial energy of Eurasia in line with Bolshevist aims. I also believe that it will be possible to uproot an individualistic peasantry and to create in its stead a rural proletariat." Yet this potential success would be due not to the fact that Russia had outstripped the modern states of the West but to a revival of despotism in the old sense. From a practical point of view everything depends upon how long the Soviets can draw from the accumulated reserves created by an era of private industry, and upon the extent to which they can finance the imperative changes.

There follows a survey of the transportation facilities inherited by the Bolshevists—those complicated and defective networks of waterways and railroads which the old government built partly for industrial and partly for strategic reasons. The system as a whole suffered from the dependence of Russian trade upon foreign countries, the one-sided development of railroads and a lack of capital. Soviet efforts to revive what has fallen into decay and to effect startling changes are seen to be comparatively inconsequential in so far as river traffic is concerned. Beyond any doubt Cleinow offers the most complete and instructive summary of this part of the Bolshevist scheme, which centers round the immense power plant now being erected on the Dnieper. While we cannot investigate the matter here, it is perhaps not out of place to remark that precisely such an alignment of plain facts is of immense usefulness to all who care to get an impression of actual Russia.

The last portion of the book is devoted to the Turksib, surely one of the most fascinating industrial exploits ever undertaken. This is a railroad built and operated according to Soviet principles for the purpose of realizing economic and political aims of the utmost magnitude. While Cleinow dismisses the claims of Moscow to unparalleled efficiency as utterly unfounded, he cannot refrain from remarking that the ability of people like Stalin to induce "hundreds of thousands of people to make sacrifices upon sacrifices even though their lives grow visibly more destitute day by day" is a proof of rare leadership and cunning. But how long can it continue? The terrible picture of existing conditions which Cleinow paints in tentatively replying to this question is, however, less something upon which the rest of the world can base vain hopes of a Bolshevist collapse than a warning that Western nations must achieve a certain

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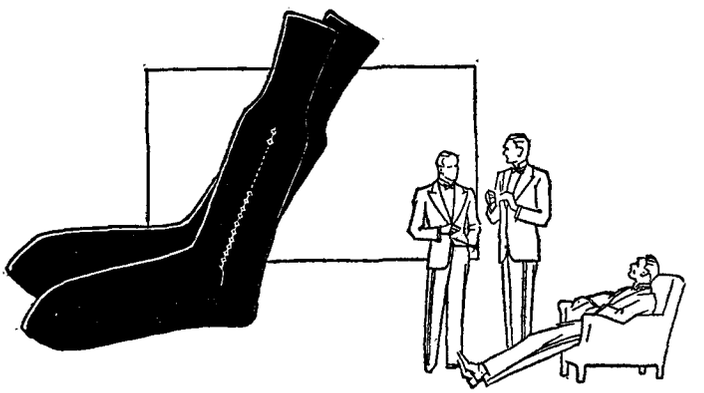

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NEXT WEEK

Though it may seem like raising an issue when that issue has happily quieted down, we are publishing in two parts a complete review of the history comprised under the title, CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO. The writer, E. R. Pineda, has dealt with the subject with the calm dispassion appropriate to history. Thus it may now be viewed, apart from the excitement when events are on the move and, so to speak, in the torrential stage. Needless to say, the recital is colorful. . . . AUSTRIA AS ONE FINDS IT, by George N. Shuster, our indefatigable managing editor abroad, is illuminating as to the actualities in a much tried center of civilization, the number of whose present troubles is equaled only by its ancient and beloved traditions. . . THE POPES AND THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES, by the Reverend Peter Guilday, is a scholarly condensation of matters extremely interesting to every American, and especially to Catholics. The essay is clear and will long be consulted, we believe, as one of the best brief references on the subject. . . . SAINT ANTHONY AND THE BIBLE, by Henry Kirk, is a description of a great preacher and an analysis of the practical source of his greatness. One is left with a vivid picture of a brilliantly trained mind, great personal charm and unmistakable, virile saintliness that attracted crowds as large as a baseball game does today. . . . MARCH BLUSTERS IN, by Robert Sparks Walker, is a ramble with a naturalist who is able to identify the sights familiar in nature at this season when one is fortunate enough to be afield.

unity in their attitude toward Eurasia if they wish to be prepared for the future.

In conclusion I may add that Cleinow has enjoyed really exceptional opportunities to observe Russia at first hand. As a young officer he visited the country thirty-five years ago and witnessed the dreadful accident which marred the coronation of Nicolas II. After several subsequent journeys made as a student of politics, he became in 1904 the St. Petersburg correspondent of two leading German newspapers. His first important publication was a two-volume treatise on Russian Poland. During the war he was made press director of the German armies in the East, and when the great struggle had ended he once again turned to Russia in the belief that a "democratic Socialism" would follow the era of Lenin if Germany took the proper stand. During more than five years he traveled through post-revolutionary Russia gathering impressions, some of which are summarized in his highly unusual travel book, "Neu-Sibirien." Today, having been an eye-witness of the Stalin régime, Cleinow not only opposes Bolshevism but warns against every kind of financial coöperation between Russia and the West. This evolution is particularly impressive because the man himself is scientific-minded and as steeled as any student could be against the influences of emotion and prejudice. His books are essential to everyone caring to learn about contemporary Bolshevism.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Wisdom for Today

Selections from Mediaeval Philosophers: II. Roger Bacon to William of Ockham; edited and translated with introductory notes and glossary by Richard McKeon (The Modern Student's Library: Philosophical Series). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

THERE are not many respectable people left who write or speak disparagingly of the middle ages. Now and again a voice is heard repeating the time-worn phrases—mediaeval gloom, centuries of dark ignorance, ages of enslavement of thought and the rest—but the voice sounds strangely hollow, like an echo from a far-off day breaking discordantly upon our modern ears. I say *modern*. For it is significant to note that these selections from the writings of philosophers of the middle ages are published in the Modern Student's Library. Ten or fifteen years ago it would have seemed grotesque to include a series of mediaeval philosophical texts among the modern student's *instruments de travail*. But Ralph Barton Perry, the general editor of this Philosophical Series, is a thoroughly up-to-date man. He is keenly alive to the modern student's interest in the *Rückkehr nach dem Mittelalter*. Not every editor, however, is successful in securing expert coöperation in his designs and projects. But, in this instance, Professor Perry is singularly fortunate. The number of men in this country to whom a work like this could be entrusted with confidence is limited. The editor and translator of these "Selections" is one of that small group and one of the most competent among them.

To select, translate and edit a few hundred pages out of the thousands of pages in the great in-folio volumes of mediaeval texts may not appear to be such a great task. But one need but glance through this book to realize the necessity of calling upon an expert in the field to make the proper selection, to find the apt vernacular equivalent for the technical Latin terminology of the originals, to give the whole work a unity of structure and purpose and adequately to present to a modern public each of the several authors from whose works the texts

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have been chosen. Professor McKeon has done all this with the skill and judgment of a scholar.

The first volume of McKeon's "Selections" included texts from early mediaeval thinkers, from Augustine to Albert the Great. This second volume comprises selected passages from the works of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century philosophers. Six of these are represented, namely, Roger Bacon, Saint Bonaventure, Saint Thomas Aquinas, Matthew of Aquasparta, John Duns Scotus and William Ockham. The plan of the first volume has been followed throughout: a general introduction serves as a preface to the whole work and the significance of each writer in the history of thought is outlined in an introductory note preceding the passage or passages translated from his works. A glossary of terms and definitions (Latin-English and English-Latin) covering nearly one hundred pages is given at the end of the volume. The glossary is well made and will prove most serviceable for the study of the texts.

In such a work as this a score of factors may intervene to cause the best-intentioned and most skilful editor to slip up in matters of detail. Apart from the mistakes due to faulty proof-reading, the very difficulty of grasping the problems of the remote past without some flavor of more recent discussions is but one of the obstacles in the work of reconstructing the philosophical speculation of the middle ages. The highly technical character of most of these ancient writings and the subtlety of thought expressed in their succinct language is another. A number of such difficulties might be alleged as extenuating circumstances or, to put it more broadly, as quite valid excuses for errors of detail in the most conscientious work.

Some difficulty of this character is no doubt responsible for the apparent contradiction between two statements in the general preface to the effect that the method of the scholastics is "authoritarian" and that "seldom . . . are authorities to be followed unsupported by reason." Perhaps, too, it is not quite exact to say that an ordering hierarchy derived from Plato by way of neoplatonisms "early became part of Christian dogma." An experienced theologian would doubtless see the point and overlook the inexactitude of the expression. But one could scarcely expect the modern student to interpret the meaning of this phrase with the necessary precision.

Surely there must have been a word or phrase inadvertently omitted from the sentence on page 149 which runs as follows: "Thomas had held not that the world was eternal but that it could not be shown by reason to be eternal or created; since the question transcended the powers of reasons, the revelation of faith that the world was created should be followed." The problem for Aquinas was not whether the world was or was not created. He was the firmest of creationists. Rather it was the problem of creation *ab aeterno* or *in tempore*. The words "in time" after "created" have evidently been left out of the above sentence by an oversight.

Again, *anima est quodammodo omnia* is not correctly translated by "the soul is the measure of all things" (page 154). As a matter of fact, this is in direct contradiction to Saint Thomas's teaching. But maybe there is here a printer's error for "the soul is in a measure all things."

In discussing the famous question of the plurality of forms, Professor McKeon states that Saint Thomas argued "that the soul could be joined to the matter of its body without the preliminary preparation of matter by inferior forms." Did the subtlety of the question involved elude him for the moment or is it simply an unfortunate *lapsus calami* which made him choose perhaps the only unsuitable word in the circumstances —preliminary? Subordinate or intermediate or some such

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word would have been quite apt. But preliminary preparation is a different problem.

No doubt it would be possible to find a number of similar imperfections in this work. There are at least a half-dozen others which I have neither space nor desire to enumerate. For were they all picked out, tabulated and checked, they would not materially diminish the real value of Professor McKeon's admirable work.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

False Picture

Under Three Tsars, by Elizabeth Narishkin-Kurakin; translated by Julia E. Loesser; edited by René Fülöp-Miller. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.50.

ELIZABETH NARISHKIN was one of the most prominent women in St. Petersburg society in the days when St. Petersburg was the capital of the mighty Romanov Empire. All her life she had been closely associated with the Russian imperial family, and during the last eight years which preceded the revolution she had occupied the responsible position of head of the household of the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna. She should, therefore, have much of great interest to relate, yet her memoirs are neither interesting nor accurate nor even truthful. In addition, the book is poorly translated and edited. The English is fantastic, and there are many invented words. For instance, Hesse, the country from which the Tsarina Alexandra originated, throughout is called Hessia, a word which does not exist in any known language.

Many of the illustrations also are wrong. There never has existed a grand duchess called Alexandra Alexandrovna, nor a Grand Duke Serge Antonovitch; the portrait of the so-called Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna is that of an unknown person; the illustration of the Church of the Saviour in Moscow is in reality that of the Cathedral of St. Basil, built by Ivan the Terrible; and so forth.

The following are examples of the faulty editing which mars the contents of the book itself. The Princess Elisabeth Wolkhonsky is sometimes called princess, and sometimes Countess Wolkhonsky; her patronymic name is given in one place as Elisabeth Grigorievna, which it really was, and in another one as Elisabeth Georgievna. The consort of King Louis Philippe of France, Queen Marie-Amélie, is called Marie Annette. The Princess Eugenie of Oldenburg is spoken of as the Grand Duchess Eugénie of Leuchtenberg. The Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch, whom Madame Narishkin knew intimately, is called Michael Alexandrovitch. Monsieur Loubet is spoken of erroneously as having represented France as an Ambassador at the Russian court. Count Ignatiev is said to have been Minister of Finance, which he never was. And, finally, Alexander III never visited Japan, and consequently could not have been there with his son, the tsarevitch, when the latter's life was attempted, nor have had his own threatened by a Japanese. One cannot imagine how a person whose entire existence was spent at the Russian court, could have written such enormities, unless she has so completely fallen into her dotage that she has forgotten facts as well as people. And, furthermore, it is strange that the editors of the book should not have checked her statements.

Madame Nariskin's story is not only fantastic, but malicious, and it would seem intentionally malicious in many of its statements. One who all through her life had been the recipient of innumerable kindnesses on the part of the Romanovs, should at least have refrained from accusations against her murdered mistress, which trustworthy documents already published have

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disproved. These accusations were founded on the imagination of those who, without pity and remorse, hated the unfortunate Tsarina Alexandra. She had many faults, and was in a degree responsible for the Russian collapse and the fall of her husband's dynasty, but she never tried, as Madame Narishkin says, "to secure a separate peace, thus committing treason against Russia." Even if this were true, the lady whom she had honored with her confidence and friendship should be the last to mention it. More cruel are the remark that the young grand duchesses "generally behaved like young savages," and the allusions to the friendship of the Empress Alexandra with General Orlov.

The general impression produced by this book is one of disgust for its silliness and ingratitude.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Education in India

New Schools for Young India, by William J. McKee. Chapel Hill, North Carolina: University of North Carolina Press. $4.50.

PROFESSOR McKEE, who holds the chair of education at the University of North Carolina, has accumulated in this volume an enormous amount of information of interest to the student of education no less than to those interested in Indian, or rather Hindu, affairs. One realizes that he knows his subject intimately from long personal experience and that his philosophy of teaching is sound as far as it goes.

He has, for instance, a clear grasp of the advantage of vocational education adapted to the local type of life of his pupils, and there can be no doubt that his training of Hindu village boys at the school at Moga, which he conducted for five years, was a valuable chapter in the long story of the Western attempt to educate the East.

On the other hand, one cannot but feel in him, as in the case of so many Western educators, a certain overconfident assumption of the superiority of modern ideals and methods over anything and everything that the world has heretofore produced. This is not explicit but implicit in his writing—a certain complacent attitude of discounting all other than modern ideals and purposes.

Doubtless the Hindu fell far behind the mark in his own scheme of education, doubtless he was a poor manager, an inefficient director of his affairs, as judged by twentieth-century standards in America, yet this surely is not the whole picture. Can anyone, when all is said, measure the comparative degree of normal human happiness that peoples living under wholly different social systems manage to extract from life?

The answer, to be sure, is yes, provided we apply the test of true belief, but it is at least tenable that the touchstone to open the realm of happiness to the heathen is that of a knowledge of God and ultimate truth rather than a developed system of agriculture and bookkeeping.

Probably Professor McKee would agree to our proposition of the test of happiness, yet his emphasis is on agriculture and bookkeeping and not on the essential philosophy of life. It is significant that in treating of the *asrams,* or schools of ancient India, his attitude, while one of tolerance, even admiration, is that of one who from a superior height, can pass final judgment on what is in principle discounted and outworn. It is more significant that he has nothing to say on the work of the Catholic missions in India. Perhaps he feels that silence is better than condemnation, and that is just what I am pointing out.

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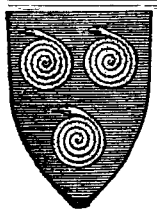
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The Jealous Ghost, by L. A. G. Strong. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. $2.50.

MR. STRONG'S new novel is at once informed with really exquisite beauty and is extraordinarily disappointing. Few living British novelists have as poignant a sense of the subtle sadness and quiet power of sea and shore as Mr. Strong displays in this book. Not as an interpreter of nature, for this young novelist's talent lies not in ways so definite, but in his subtle and often symbolic feeling for it he is perhaps unique among contemporary writers. "The Jealous Ghost" has to do with the call which the western Highlands of Scotland have for a young American of Scottish blood, and this feeling Mr. Strong conveys with unusual power and with a truly Gaelic sense of the mystic. Moreover, his talent in the expression of character is indubitable, especially in figures whose personalities do not lend themselves to clear-cut definition. Peter and Ellis and the Cripple are strikingly and subtly portrayed. And yet the final effect of the novel is inadequate. Mr. Strong does not seem to have grasped his work as a whole. Peter's love for Tony, for instance, is not prepared for, and the introduction of the Ghost is not followed up. In short, the author has written many exquisite and moving chapters imperfectly bound together.

The Goblin Woman, by Rose O'Neill. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

WHEN reading "The Goblin Woman" one need not know that Rose O'Neill is the author of "The Master Mistress" to understand that she is primarily a poet. Certainly none but a poet would have deliberately planned the incongruity of clothing a skeleton in prose which is, in cumulative effect, though not in form, that of pure and exquisite poetry. The author herself has ignored this criticism to some extent when she refused to make clear that the marriage of Helga, the goblin woman, was not a true marriage—so that it is easy to conceive that she was more sinned against than sinning. This excuse cannot apply, however, to the poignant story of Rosemary, who sinned against nature and paid for her ignorance with death. Helga's rearing had left her entirely untouched by the present age. In everything she is an Elizabethan. Her language, interspersed with recurring strains from the doxology, is that of Shakespeare and the attenuated culture of the exclusive and ingrown society of a New England mill town seems to her the cabalistic rites of a people to whom she is completely foreign. This sense of being present, but not belonging, adds to her fascination under the spell of which a little world, weary of its idols, falls. Here Miss O'Neill brings off a difficult task.

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